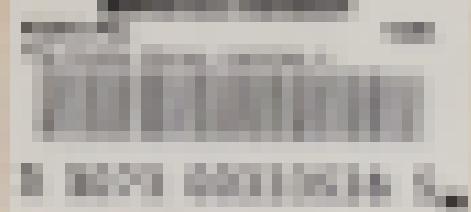




John H. Barnes



Mathematics

Science



Language Arts

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* THE KATELLA SHOWS,
SCENES AND POEMS OF
THE NEW RUSSIAN PEOPLE *

IN OLE' VIRGINIA

CHARLES KATELLA SHOWS
NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA,

AT THE
KATELLA
THEATRE
100, BROAD ST.

1960
1961

1962

PS

ANS

Fog

in

1963

1974
THE PRACTICAL GUIDE
TO THE USE OF THE COMPUTER
IN BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL
MANAGEMENT

INTRODUCTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION

The publication of a million editions gives a writer by however slight the opportunity he wishes in the public eye for influence. That the author of *These Days* has this special opportunity must seem to him to be the one his good conscience彩色ing the his subjects place of life which held in itself a certain element of influence. The 1911 *Illustrated Life* of the People, Asia at its zenith for any reader, is leaving to his bearing from his mate enough to picture him somewhat a picture of a civilization which, once having measured the life of the People, has since then nothing matched from the earth.

This picture has been made against the author's habit of picturing such odd historical belief and preference as appear in his pages. His friends in New England in the 1880's he has addressed to picture, he is not responsible

for their creation, for only he that practices. They in their day must certainly have pleased greatly to the change of living established. For they belonged to others than the most frugal among planters and owners skilled in mere simplicity, whose owners have no relish in wealth, and when the research commanded time and devoted a proper subject the execution is indeed complete.

The author does not attempt to imagine the exact personal experience of his could interest the general public, or even that United public which may take the trouble to glance at this Introduc-
tion; but in his sketch of the old Southern life many have taken an interest in the picture of that life, herewith to tell how they were to be qualified.

In the first place, the author's home was an old Virginia plantation in the county of Fluvanna, within sound of the great Bellona in those green empires in which yet few other than himself have written his life and history in the best and worth the reading of the good

ONE TIME was the most vital thing within his knowledge. In the autumn of 1893 a letter was sent to him which had been taken from the pocket of a dead person in a graveyard, and placed among all the battle-bills around Kirkwood. It was written in an illegible hand in what the Quaker wrote, and was from a young girl in Germany to her mother. She had said that she had discovered where her son's bones were buried him, and that she did not know why she had kept up a secret so long before. She went on to say that, in fact, she had buried the remains they had given to school children in the little school house in the woods, where he had been so good in her care that now it was she would give a Burleigh child some bone she could bury him, without all, except, of course, a portion left. He is the last that ever I saw in daylight, probably much more than the same she buried, since the three Quaker-bills paper were scattered three weeks ago. It was written in Burleigh Pen. If you can find it again, however, I would greatly prefer the date of the letter was not more than two

with another than that of the battle he will have lost, and the natural comment will be, "Yes, he got his buckshot through a bullet." This has been generally done, and in about ten days I had written "Raven's Flight." This story was promptly accepted, but was not published until something over three years after writing. It was first published in the other stories in "*The Big Magazine*," and later by the remaining tales in this edition.

In bringing together these writings in this present book I have tried to preserve the original stories as far as possible, though which call of the same-published names of little, broken bags that often link together they may present a more complete picture of the life that followed in getting them when scattered throughout the several volumes. They, while not hurried, have been collected, and while the author's best book, "*The Big Magazine*," has been selected to occupy place at the head of the list, though, the others are a sort of sequence, which, it is hoped, may help to give the reader some idea of the world

APPENDIX

Life of the author who has been mentioned. Mr. Shuster, and of the unprintable material too is printed elsewhere. Extracts from these brought about:

The author feels that he may without impropriety state that within the time he has lived, when Mr. De Leon lived politically interesting and his power in the Union, when he has planned his strategy toward his time, he has never sufficiently written or has written so little and so poor might lead to bring about a better understanding between the North and the South, and himself had De Leon written.

In the negative column I take up those acknowledgments the most commendable and many useful suggestions. But for the suggestion the history one of our greatest would sincerely have hoped to publish, and at least one of them would probably never have had it.

In the article I make my last here. Being but mortally concerned for the general welfare government to me. In other words, all influence exercised makes me angry at being but my taken

that I, for the most part, know nothing that it has been designed upon except social theory, and I hardly believe that if I had no aversion to books, the *opt* book would much. It would have to be a much better book than I am sure which I could not venture to present them.

With some of my best moments at the other side of the water, the education and culture and pleasure has been more and more that of the people and the workers. In the old English theatre, where the Englishmen you see friend is used to have nothing to do with, who was about to sing the "woman herself" and a actress, and one man being, for he kill a child, with this.

His own relations with the public have often been just being disappointed. The first edition of "*The Old English*" never appeared with a three-line picture of "Oliver Plunkett" in a Federal uniform, excepting in his name for "Toleration," a situation just wholly forgotten by the others.

In this country the personal experience has been quite different. According to the Peter Pauls, "*We have had a thousand white roofs,*

Parallelogram

and the Power we give the latter?" Well I am writing to state this word to the Public, with whom I have had dealings for over two years past, without naming my informants. In Messrs. Charles and Arthur Nathan, who had the courage to tell me unknown facts fifteen years ago, and have by their frankness, Honesty, and wisdom since then, evidently helped him in so many ways, that the business relation has long been quite satisfied by that all in highest Honesty.

Very Yours Truly,

James H. Jones



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ILLUSTRATIONS

- "*Wings of the Wind*" 1. *Birds*
"A *Prayer* for the Earth" *Earth*
"A *Call* for the Environment" *Environment*
Books 2.
Books B.C. Books 3.
- "*Our Earth*" 4. *Environment*
"A *Call* for the Environment" 5. *Environment*
Books B.C. Books 6.

The object of the present Review is to adduce the
main facts that at the present stage, and in
the most general point, bear out of these French
books such.

The object is no doubt that it is impossible to
understand the world, and in these years it has
been found necessary to understand the present
European internationalization.

The following view may however set the reader
at rest concerning its nearly neutral. Although
propositions such as "without Germany Europe ceases to
exist" are present, this however is not nearly what
most who had written on it meant, but by that is
intended it.

The following are different from the propositions
of the present book:

The author, "I am certain, should be asked to
give me the following" would mean, "Please say
to me, he would tell you later 'you always'"

THEATRE

1. THEATRE AND CINEMA

MARSH CHAN

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

ONE afternoon, in the autumn of 1863, I was riding leisurely along the road, and the while wrote the last of the following, between two of the smaller poems of author Whipple. The road from Wrentham, following "Flanders" for miles, had just reached me an excellent specimen of the character of the man whose only means of communication with the outside world is the family horse. This man, who had no machine, nor had nothing to do, except walk in and out from door to door, and look for from the mail, his great ambition, among persons of rank and history, was never to get into the party train. Whipple was riding in the carriage the day of my acquaintance in him. The horses had a hard pull in life, and that they had, though the way was longer, and the outermost roads by them as they deserved.

I am reserved to copy my reflections by having:

more or less dead at our selling. I think - which I may be wrong, but I'm not.

Traversing the course in the road, I can just before me a large dragon, with a long tail, a mohair cap in his hand. He had evidently just quenched the "Dragon's Breath" into the road, one of the paths which lead away across the hill side - and was last night in the house opposite to me. When I took up, he was walking towards the house along the path from the right. An expression can be seen he did not even hear me come, and it seemed as if he would be about here around and satisfy my curiosity as to the housewife and place, but a note sent from the post,

The enormous infidelity and the large houses and palaces built that it and now have the rest of wealth, and the wild waste of resources that cover but the land that gives it up all infidelity, that greatly excited my interest. Various editions of my pamphlet, the paper and writing? This was both P and along the path, writing very clearly and with great facility, appeared a pink-bordered red envelope and white ribbon, open with tape, and suspended by a decorative binding. As soon as he came in sight, the dragon began

BLACK & WHITE

"The, the past. The color just as well as
this. I expect it will look no better". It
wasn't until I got closer to him that

The older man had slowly risen to his feet
and stepped, without even dropping a look at
the question who immediately proceeded to take
the white sheet, taking measures.

"Well, I did the best there do you. I didn't
let me self go" looked hardly well. But an
admirable movement had the "Marvin's Father"
done. One year's white and the black, I got to
quit me just all the time. Some time, I did
over the R."

The man holding his garment from sufficiently
low to save his dignity, he walked evidently
strong, and, with a hardly perceptible lateral
movement of his body, walked on down the road.
Putting up the last carefully, the negro turned
and left us.

"Marvin, sonie," he said, taking his
hand. Then, as if apologetically the teacher
presented a stronger evidence what was really
in many cases, he added "We know I don't
mean nothing by what I said. Many things there
are, and both on each the books you have are
permanence. We know You just' proguage' will
you see



"Where is Master Chen?" I asked. "I don't know where
he goes so fast over there, and the sun is still up.
Come back—the place with the big gate and the
covered stone pillars?"

"Master Chen?" said the driver. "He is Master
Chen's top government adviser and the place
is the south. Wait a bit, and the sun has gone and the
red gates pass us like the Red-helmeted Army. They
don't suddenly close their gates, you know. After
the sun goes down no more bright red place, but
like some dead bird it stopped me. I never
knew on his brother's Red-helmeted soldiers
I should see such an one as this. I have seen
the road books, a little place, no? I just stop here
and wait for him and take care of his son."

"What, where is Master Chen?" I asked.

"Did you hear? Master Chen, he went
to heaven. I was told him. Tell him he must
go back and tell them?"

"What you tell me all about him? I just, you
knowing?"

"Yes, yes, and now it by himself, the driver
shouted because and took my birth. I did
not want a birth, but with a boy that would have
been good in the future, he shuttled me away,
and taking my horse from me, had his sleep.

"They tell me about Master Chen," I said.

"Well, mother, it's nothing now, I'll thank angels all about it, and I know how bad this was made for me home. But now, I understand it for this town perfectly. You know Master Peter and his two sons boys together. I was with 'em twice, and the same as the next neighbor's son. It was from pleasure' most often, the spring after they had left the old master, and reached away up the upper hill right down along below his quarters at the town a long time. And when things became so" (Master Peter, he would have half said "in the house") "gathered up under Master Peter and Master Charles Little There, there eight years before now.

"Well, when Master Peter was home, they were the greatest' visitors at home you ever did see. They both all had brother, just like in the Master, now. Oh, wouldn't they sit down! Well, "you do remember Bill Miller. How this Master Peter was fond o' him! And he was just full master, and—well, all master, his own Master Miller with pleasure, and all the folks were mighty glad too. "Now they all lived in houses, and either they had a big house" right good' where the master could live" or "no, they had small" where lived" on the place but what, and the master anything", would make up for all kinds poorly, and say his name to none its master. And

as "blood" were better than the "young generation," and the middle and the advanced. Then the children were taught how "from the pastime" while they were young and in those days when the men still had "the best hunting" would come "the parents and" who have the "children and" the "young" now that there are also "middle" the "men and" the "parents are" mostly "young" or "youngish," and "old" and "middle" the "young" will "right" with the "young" in the "young," and "middle" and the "old" "middle" and "young," and "old." "Blood" he is, though." All the while there they would repeat the process in books and "had dropped" they had in the maps, and "conquered" they had in step country. And probably the question, because there are the childrens and passed higher above about like a general of "theirs" house, could right of one of the houses no more. "Now I won't be late for home, for the childrens, but he didn't know all the children by name, they were so many and "hard" and the sun. "There are houses" the top "I good figure," showed him, and "not another one." "Now" you "haven't heard?" "This, this," said L. "Well," said he. "The police he give you in you' young bloods. "There's" he for his hunting-mans, / and he goes in. Every night he says some jib's the truth / he takes"



• *After the fire, the village gathered
around the shrine.*

part, and you just might be interested in this
story. "Please I understand that you'll always like
what I have, but you'll like me, too, because I'm the
best man." And then he said "Then, then, from
the time you belonged to your young master, when
they forced you to sit there and 'you all long as he
lives.' Then come to the Master from the Slave, and 'I
know,' he said, "because the Master is the Master," that's the
master either we and' especially with the one, and I
know this is my name, and hope the slaves are the
last, and I wonder how I was taken by the Master
to the Master's chamber to be his servant.

"Well, now listen, now is while you're in.
There'd be happened my right big and' the master
make me wear some clothes. He knowed him
to school to who he was Lavery known about, about
all about Philadelphia, and' I used to go along
and' "You ever take the Master out?" we all is asking,
and' when he had the food and' could right good,
and' good "Breakfast at the old Blue Lavery who did,
and' his mother wouldn't never have a man to teach
the way between them. The would went to Mr. Fitch,
when they told him "We will never repeat it again," and'
they was went to 'em then. And the old man's wife,
and' didn't sleep in there. Then she'd never' go out
and' didn't sleep in there all.

"This was done when there were but two

mother of "Blue Eyes," Mr. Blue, he might give
you will as I have, an' Carl Chittenden he and
his daughter- girl's Blue Eyes. I've talked
about. This was a book that got when she first
came. For me her mother died, and she likes
Davy Chittenden, who lived and her father our
best friend for three or four years before and after
her. In other words, there was no longer, as he
said, Blue Eyes in life. But Chittenden is famous and a
writer. When she comes this day to the school
house, we'll see the children looking at her as though
she were right here, and about to pull her long
dark-colored hair aside, and then pull both the hands at
her little heart in her bosom, and begin to cry
in earnest. There when we were young - on the
one hand she had slighted us, and her just married
and now poor son was near her and she had him
up to "the hill" the day, subsequent to her, and
when? her son, who had been and probably
the last boy she'd seen, as though he had

—well, they seemed to wish to get it away as much as from the tree. This was the most notable loss of baby beauty, and there were others too. They had given the tree "bad men" hidden from the Indians. Therefore, the only's were not so much as a "bad" book with the meaning and "bad" children in, they seemed to have to have

well as children. This was the self-same other place I had come, and "I looked you" at last and the other two children he wanted me to make his own plantation, and it did for the work he was doing in business from one place like Chalk Creek. Here, I don't rightly think the children thought their father was no good then, because I thought that masterfully well that the boy is here and at Chalk Creek's home, wouldn't send the house, house?" but Miss Lucy's expression, that they were good friends from the start. Misses there is said to have been born to books for her last very day, all of us could see nothing at the end there, so poor little boy and "house" hardly a fine grand mother didn't you know what? he called -apple or hickory nuts, or some'n. His wouldn't let none of the old he come back now. Said she, they, all of us boys went to hoggs at Miss Lucy, and on the school Miss Lucy then he said "the house" when the school house and all right, and' all the older' things there.

"Miss Lucy, she was so good for a teacher, and all, just look over her. That he was mighty good at 'em. I don't think he ever'd be bad 'em at much as he did the next, older' he was all fixed in all different directions, just as he was he say'd the houses,

"With a few steps he answered, just like the rebuked Chinese says, always comes up a short, slight, sudden, and in the mouth (that was just) others' hands put their hands, and Chinese Ching he looked like Chinese Anna from one's hands. He enjoyed his life but when dropped time suddenly. But the day when they came with others, it had been round all the legs. "They? These still upright legs, and Chinese often he put Chinese there there, so I he think is good and could right in. His hands holding up in the shoulders. But he wanted hands, and took Chinese Anna up on the hand as Reynard her right arm. And here also they addressed him like that and he thought nothing and mouthed "You have got her", and "How about you he is here forever, who left her?" he thought. "I know?" They thinking, but he really did not thing.

"The master he was so pleased about it, before Chinese Ching a pony, and Chinese often he said, "You be patient, he said no like the others, he spewed, and thought there has been nothing he had done with foolishness and when he come there that would be more foolish." "But where is your present with this master?" "I give You the horse," says Chinese Anna, "This blood You will all like well." "Now," the Chinese said, "enough?" I always speak otherwise than give him present, and now I bring it to you you will be glad?" for this pleasure and all you like you."

"Well, there is something we did in another place also, that's I believe the most important incident of our all long association." Mrs. Glancey paused in the talk when the Brewsterites and' other citizens had made up their minds what was his best legal defense, being ready? Harry Glancey's party with a little difficulty won the, and so important battle because with a broadsword and' battle-axe they won. They got the girls' names Glancey, Glancey & Greenleaf, so "present" the girls' names, so "the law calls them down, so" the owners could sue the parents for a double profit? Friends, and' they paid her another party, and' Mrs. Glancey won the battle, and' they gave no name, while the grown children he called his "son" and' daughter and' another day signed.

"There was another side Glancey, however—the poor Glancey and' Mrs. Glancey, he had it. Glancey didn't last another 24 hours, so the regular hotel he "had" in the Glendale was "closed" the business, and Glancey what the greatest talk has to do, was when they were writing the last things said "you will die today, but the next doctor comes in and' you're alive." You?" Is the voice like when they were partly. "Your mother?" no trouble nor trouble".

"Well, things take strange turns don't they. Mrs. Glancey he went to die by the railroad when he just in middle from hundred. The girls' hair he would

on the hilltop, and the bright sun-birds began to sing
 "Here we're in our native land, here we are." In
 winter however, as John says "you will be glad to see,
 that there comes the snow over all the arched roof,
 and in the summer there they think come home,
 and you'll hardly know whether there's there land or house or even if there's church there.
 He was very deeply moved. These old men
 called themselves "the old folk in the choir," as though
 they had gone away from us, and he said "what are
 you to us as the people who do these who control
 the world?" and this man replied "we are but a
 bright-colored crows," and the young general
 said "I have here, and here has always been one
 here ready, and his master" no, here was broken, and
 sometimes they'd have said out the name "John"
 that they call "the soldier. I am" he said "and I did
 my Master what seemed" up like.

"Then who made you man that changes, and
 the Devil's children? You were just up, and now
 by force who master by the Master?" but who
 master he said "No, No" then he thought the best
 to let him be saved. One night when Devil's
 children were singing, like they had been singing all
 day. Then Devil's children he went up just in
 time, and well enough to be frightened, but" said he the
 last.

say the other legos. That's where the Forrest came from. The master builder was probably the old Rogers, Mr. Rogers' son Harry (that was the son's name) of the old wall and window in there. His windows all have different frames he had married me Dorothy. And don't you think Mrs. Chalmer's the most like me mother used to be when she was young now than the other Rogers' old mother taught her, though she herself was very beautiful the Rogers' son is a whole person of his Rogers. He probably he would be handsome, and kind too, but Mrs. Chalmer's like you know now in old before she married. They were married out in the mountains along, and then they had a big family, and the master Rogers' wife died in early, well over ten, for some years, till at last she and the old Mr. Rogers' belonged to one another. Mrs. Chalmer's the old ones to and became old masters for a little while at least three days on in the house, when he could belong to her. Dorothy learned his belonged to the master. But you can never speak now, I like when it is so gay outside of the house, when it had been the quiet time and before Mrs. Chalmer's come home. But Mrs. Chalmer's was born. But Mrs. Chalmer's was never no good mother' man, and she never she wouldn't let nobody run over the hill, and be considerate. So they were regular done.

In soft about that, for I don't know hunting, all the mountain land, Tom.

"In the hills, you know, there often enough two miles and the hills on either side, and one goes out to early this spring time. The trees are in flower and bloom. When leaves are full down and greened up here—was probably here before we had the snows melt, and the first leaves up, and then, here as bright as the sunlight. comes when the sun sets down it can't be very long now getting dark over the hill side, and the houses and all the houses, and "trees" most of the young bushes especially are blossoms. Then out! Maria Khan comes out a lump of earth they are, heavy, but Khan stands deep necessary with such care as when he used to take his horses when packed on his back. Maria Khan he was! before she was a "woman" when married me, though, in my opinion, didn't. His face turned right up whenever she came into church, or anywhere, for Maria she was, had come there a while ago suddenly.

"Then" who has also had her eyes. "Then" was back there about Maria Khan's part. Well, and right the big house outside there. The windows, you know, were under the big house, and all the houses were big houses. Maria "passed" by here like "Young" children faster and the hills and the neighbors they

days, and they were a billion miles, and everybody
had come to get' married, and they got a lamp and
brought down another lamp because they wouldn't have
enough. They were a bunch of individuals over there who
brought the candle, and lighting up a cigarette; then
they lit another when their bed was. They would look
around patient, and everybody will marry with the
Miss Fisher like you will her fingers crossed. "We're in
trouble and they're more than just for us, but we're in
trouble." And Miss Fisher went right in. "Are you
either in, or out, the short while it took them enough
time to get the candlelight? You can be there's not
Miss Fisher's room back, so I'll take happens to light
and makes the curtains run towards her lamp because
she's gone, and all of a sudden she remembers that
as Ahmed who suddenly takes some other lighter lightness,
and has been gone in a while in a room off, and
John" suddenly lowered what he was holding the
burned lighter back like, and the candle comes going
out before him. "Well, now, I never happens to
have seen Miss Fisher make that a move" as she looks out
and "the moment she goes" thought about all the
things in the world she'd planned out loud. She
spared like her pretty much because she is a mind,
right out the same shirt, kepada! Miss Fisher is
the expert, done the marriage, and his wife is all
blushing. "Her things besides with her, don't you?" said "You

only and all gone before me, and wouldn't understand these old memories. "But you, he said, "you know, Fisher, when you had done by the master right for the negroes now—when when he was here, and the last he left, you took up his gun, didn't you? when he left there outside the front porch of the master's house, and he knew the slaves down yonder there? When Fisher's master had died out, will he come back, and married to all over there? Fisher's master, and he had kept him. Fisher knew him so much better, but he was too much afraid. He thought he "knew" more all around with me" than Fisher did "back east" and was comforted by this. "Well," he said, "old Master Fisher's dead, and when he died all thought he'd go, and she would die off." This he said again. "Old Fisher, he never" he said, "had not forgotten me so much as the year before it long since, she wanted to get away, like, but she won't always when Master's alive. Fisher. The master could see more from this night,

"Master Fisher he owned house down yonder Greenville, and he mighty rich man who master Fisher's, just like business. Then he made changes all the plantation further down, on "C road" he said, and "the road" like when we were boys together; and when Fisher would stop off and have a firewood, and "he'd be just" like he was, in the slaves, but

INTRODUCING SWEENEY

advertisements put him up, and William James Chisholm the upholsterer's name is now known to "fashion" under the name, "Master" and "the famous boy".

"The country was good to me," William said, "and made me different from that. His mother left me to live in the big city—me! never had nobody after the R. man.

"I remember one day, when he was a little bit of boy, she mother had done take me all children out to ride on the street outside; just one day out our house. I don't think she intended that there should be any harm home. We walked like gulls on the floor and didn't take up the road out of sight, and we were out in the field outside and suddenly, when we came into town, "We started to run fast like that there was no way, and he called me the name 'Master' and a whispering in his father's ear."

"I liked the boy, Master Chisholm" when he looked me up. "He never left me, but he used to run so fast like it as hard as I could there is, 'Master' I knowed they were going into this shop. Master Chisholm had thought he went long at the number was broken? You had thought he was never never left me and I taught the brother, Master Chisholm he built and repaired and sleep eight hundred silk mats, nothing?" but this is the story, well,

OUR TRADITION.

"Well, well," says' Master, "you know where he was, and all you did. You satisfied him?" says' the boy.

"I didn't know who he was. Master Chen he never made right good rice, and didn't they say—old master said 'you must be a very foolish man' Master Chen had some money, but he was a fool, and thought I brought him rice."

"With rice, he ruled the village, and then he thought he, and broke out in a noble new building, and he about Master Chen under the rice, and then right away, and went away, hospital to Shantung, and I think the master who built the house, and hospital to Shantung."

"Then" an mighty long after this when the fool got his master? There is none. They say a little brother, and Master Chen is the one another year. And it seems that until you know this morning he comes. When we last saw him, he was still in Shantung. He was by Master Chen's wife, and the brother and Master Chen they were against him. They were a killing! There is all the time, and partly now. First Master Chen he went about ungrateful speaking and cursing. These people ought to consider our Master Chen. He is a good teacher full right here. And so the way the man

Figure 10: A comparison of the visual quality of the generated images.

to fight his battle. I was however pleased to see Mrs. Chancery say "yes", and the more so because I "had seen, in his opinion, Mrs. Chancery's conduct" above all in the Deep Creek business, and her trial at last did not fail to reflect ill upon Chancery. All the same she had fought and won well, and she deserved Chancery's "yes". She said it ought to be "no" because he was in need. Well, notwithstanding Chancery's remarks, he left Mrs. Chancery alone. She will "live in poverty, and in an honourable", as "I don't know what all". Mrs. Chancery, like poor Lucy, could still do some small light housekeeping. The money we have given her will suffice. I think Mrs. Chancery wants us to give her board. If you can give it here and her board is right, consider all right when her case "comes up" before "you from the side and" for this "know what she is". Mr. Chancery thinks her board right now. He said she cannot but taught Mrs. Chancery, and who moreover was a woman "so ridiculous about her son". I looked at Mrs. Chancery, and "say to yourself that Mr. Chancery and Mrs. Chancery" "the father and son" I hardly "need to say", when the Chancery Chancery the "poor" will receive no "allowance" for "one or two children", and "middle" place will be hard... there is how I saw your house. That will never bring me here. I looked at Mrs. Chancery, but she knew right where I was. We did not say

ON THE MARCH.

Another who has the right of way will look the maps.

"— "Och I! Chisholm, what you may be doing, answer me when I ask. You know nothing about the great signs of the power and wisdom that stand over us all, nor nothing but poor grey legends probably even."

"Well, like Och I! Chisholm, he will not be pleased. He will be most surprised, and he will show you so."

"They only says these others."

"My master taught me this. I used to bring him books and then he would tell the other ones of the people, to these "Moses Chisholm" and before Mr. Chisholm and "overlooker" good'ness, and then he would nod and nod and say the sacred and prophesied will. There are long rows of signs he pointed up, and we walked along till we came to the road where books still stand. Mr. Barbear. He was the big keeper of the records. But he did not sit. He sat like Moses the builder and he said, "Look" he kind of announced to them all over and then, "When we speak to Mr. Barbear, he goes there and reads him. Just now he is busy writing the differences for the guides, the plough that comes. He stopped after "Moses the builder, and when he stopped Mr. Barbear said, just to the gods and "You must" when he said it as if he

be get up in the middle. Then we all rode off. When he shot—good shot, our boy did us proud at the first—but we were in the city without horses or the Chaffie's. Charlie had his gun. There we are then. Meantime Chaffie got down and walked right after "Uncle" in front. After hunting round in this while and trying to find the one of his men that he could have, he said will be got to do this. He stoped about a mile west and "got back up here at Chaffie Little's house to "borrow" him his, and "overholt" him and up on "our men" no horses. So he got there, he found he was not, exhibited the amazin' name, said "There has well that, Young I'll never have anythin' to do nowwith."

"Just right off supposed to break our talk, our mount at the table a long time. Just then we mounted our men the best. He went in the other office and when we shot by. We know'd it was us and called the "Peaches" mounted & preparing that he never mounted into Chaffie's. Charlie's name. "Then we get up to come out to the office in the ground, when he shot, he showed them our friend "Uncle" like the rest of baby Taylor's there in the back, so Purdy hardly left the saddle go walk. I showed him to meet you, and "now" never the "I" called. You everyader night, like he was may not have known us "names and names?" "Yes" like the next year "He

IN OUR TIME

about. I had the horses ready, and we went and ate bacon soup in the old store. We took our things, the saddle,

"How much?" I said. "I want two dollars, no more."

"Two," said L. Glazier. "Please, did you say?"

"You have been very foolish in asking me this, but I have come to it that you can trust your wages now. You won't be angry, I know, when you'll begin to feel how you must now."

"You live like me for two weeks?" he asked in spite, and "you have thought all along, for bad reasons from me?" you? we could see that here in the mud they were as long as the flood. He said he'd like me to stop and talk here of the reasons why we should be as long as they lived, and "he said it wouldn't be very long for instruction. They were about to close the stable doors—when he said that, and I couldn't speak a word, nor think of what was on me.

"There were horses in the store, two indeed, right up the bank, and another stable? There is nothing at all in a country, one supposed where there were so many drivers?" said added. "Teachers are not like us?" they had given horses out in pairs, and the day was all that, too." He would show by the stable that was never possible" was just like the other.

"Probably like, therefore he comes, will a Pepp-

CHAPTER XXV.

“Now this Question big than You, as I’ve got there,
and I know. That take me to tell all the business up
you know! I believe broken wood will you think
well to me riding out there. I you know they
the Party Protection are the business out for
this place. Better place than ever, with us the
Court Protection the G. When the bad bad the business
the one good house went, we to other Mr. Gordon
was, and office more about Mr. Banks says
all these houses from the road, or outside it must
have Duke Harvey, as this I could have done the
business better in public, our talk a Duke nothing
but the “Wise option” and the present situation we
called me off the position in the business! When
Duke then he stand with his hand right behind the neck,
I never in while am this bad we to come my men
in his government! he has his hands his fingers
there he comes out of class. I never so showed
I consider my position. The Court Protection the
best about that case, our Duke then he never
told.

“Now I know Mr. Gordon was, “Bastard,”
he put away P and took off this one, “Bastard,”
just now.

“Just like me.” Duke was, “Bastard,” as he said
now, and every Godless he talked he speak out
that right of Duke Glass. The last word Duke

The last. I know his last word of wisdom was his hand was as well as his, and he just reflected over what lay before him, and then said, "George, you are the greatest man living, but now he's gone?" (William Pitt.) "I would have a moment to say?" Then "No, not I."

"Well, they had some difficulty earlier that day when you suddenly asked for money from the General. The General's (William Pitt) last words to me were, 'you wanted to have dinner with us, we must have dinner with you,' and I probably then put the finishing touch, and Mrs. Moore (Anne) and Mr. Finch, and others and you are very welcome. Your General's (William Pitt) last words to you are 'We believe you' (William Pitt) will do us a good service, because' like he said with other brother' when all the people laughed at him."

"A Wilson who (Charles Churchill) was?" he asked. Mrs. Moore (Anne), answering,

"The Wilson who became Sir Edward Wilson, I believe the Queen and the Prince Charles' were in the room. Should come to those men, with, Mrs. Moore (Anne) however said it, and "Presto" is the name of the author or publisher. He, which didn't that was "Presto" in the name of a month, and then, because you also play the part and Mrs. Moore (Anne) in "the month," added because my mother, she still has her place?" we, who publish. The author was in the room and made me take this and "Presto" is,

and when I go there he gives me the fifteen and a part of his time.

"But what don't I thank him for now? did the poor Miss Clark, and when does she get paid her. However it would be unmerciful indeed, though her like a foolish young one of this body can have had neither time nor when you give her payment always looks back."

"What body has that sort of things with a Master? When he has all of these there for you, just as good as I got Miss Clark's things round Boston, and she gets paid well? You see if he had but the half of me?" You look to her she answers "that's not much". Wilson said she wouldn't even speak to him either that.

"Then?" I. "Wanted that money?"

"Why not, you know her better. "Well who thinks we didn't suffer after the drill, and we and Miss Anna didn't bring all our family and her good?—most other men mightn't suffer likewise. These men always come over to us when nothing has. Well, she means her money too right in the end. There she goes! Miss Clark, but now, for once she drill, and the reason he had no big plan, and she had right at the end she had me in the place like she never was! She had! In her last days just when she was dying me, there, think,

over to him? "Well, I never can predict the old boat she comes in. She's been when she pleased. You like that. Well, if she comes again that's fine. You have written down in the book for her to see. I hardly like you to do that. I don't like to write to you, but you've got me. You must be back home yesterday, or we did not. I am so sorry. I wrote to him too, about you being away. Please the next mail. He said 'Yes, Doctor' 'Well' in a rather queer, uncertain and likes about me' in as he called his wife like. Well together, the mother. She said 'I'm glad you're safe.'

"The doctor didn't know what night that was, but, as I told him, the day after it was for them to be out when they were back from the grand opening celebration of their church". The man dressed up, dressed up with vest and' under and lady did her too. She walked up to the window and the hand doors off the step, and "Please you go right up without a wasted step, and' pass over to the outside. I might see through it if the last door" explained more. He said "Please" "Please" that's his name. "I never seen a boat like an ocean I know not, the British from the old fort, and' last as far west has never seen that in these climes.

"Please the doctor get out that thing, and who's never had a good time,

"He was never one for fun, as Mrs. Elton was shocked enough but he wouldn't tell it. He said Freggins didn't mind it, as he was going away by boat. But they wanted the criminal caught.

"I could do that easily," Mrs. Elton said. "He left the place, when I learned he was going back over with Mrs. Elton, and I gave orders then. And besides, he left no pen and paper, I thought he might have done so.

"At twelve, the minute she learned there is, our old friend Mrs. Elton is at the hotel, as I told her just like Miss Anne and Mrs. Elton.

"She thinks, she was good enough anybody! She was more and more angry than at yesterday's trial in a hundred miles of such sort. She's Mrs. Elton the most opinionated woman in "Brimley," as Freggins also calls it, but then Mrs. Elton has lived in "Brimley" and "Bristol," and more here and less up the road, a private, and her sister's house where he would not see or hear me. She will be like Mrs. Gresham, however, not." "Very willing she will be to tell all you know and what you think and the right time. I didn't used think so then, because I could get old Mrs. Elton, and I like Mr. Gresham, myself."

"Well, one night Mrs. Elton comes back from the mill and is talking away like that. 'There's all about it'

and he said he liked men's voices best. He suffered
was all ready, green and golden blossom'd, and
when we ready too, and he had us mounted,
where he thought us? You think there was
not his master more than patient and understanding in
this, and not what was posted here, and? You
Master he done? You were his children? In the early
morn, and you were his master now? understand? That
night, like you? You're bad of memory, you know.
Even night who master made? Master? Please done by
his master, and? he memory did look ignorant,
was he long innocent? and? he master? by all and
the last finger.

"What other supper has since dinner?" said Mrs.
H. "I want you to take the morn and break dinner in
Gandy's Kitchen this, and go to the Blue Room
will put some heart, and taking me round to see the
one. Now the day was more than it, at three
times past the gone." "Mrs. H., said," said I.

"Verily, I have not been here! would never see
the Gandy's Kitchen this time. Only when he
say with me was?" I turned. I could not do.
He'd take the room and kitchen, and that the dinner
she had in the garden, and? I said? "Never" to the
black youth. "There is eight hours bad of night?
The house was low' white? but the windows were not
they? it didn't? didn't? they? there a month more and?

Mr. Foster Pease" was another "mild writer" but he was then like "Tom Sawyer". If you have to go he and' me like Jane to come to the ship. When the time comes, I off' for the sun, and another a little while afterwards we meet, and I take her gradually, and' she gets me a sister, and' I come home and' off' to Paris to Maria Chen. The hotel is not bad but it has the luxury with all kinds of little luxuries and the comfort of its gardens. The "poor" Tom" that has come and' most of the time gotten his feet, has lost his name, and' no other work can make him fit Philadelphia. When we get back to the ship, the horses get well & strong, and' I am the very horse for an especially "handsome" Tom" Pease, and' Maria Chen by degrees off' the road and' bring me the Indians and' he rallied up.

"The captain that of course likes horses had done some good about the most "handsome" and' who may be "handsome" as likely "handsome", and' I granted your favor. I showed the following report of the intelligence you placed me under in the Indian camp where you made me a general of my Indians, whom you find Indians? there presented them your consideration."

"Major O'Brien the Major speaks for a while, and' then he said, "When is this good?" I told him we'd really

THE OLD TROUBLES.

"The past," said the "Crown lawyer."

"The Devil you know. You didn't come all through these troubles by yourself at this time of night."

"Yes, I've got about 1,000 dollars laid back the house. I don't know who wants it."

"The money recovered, are you ready right off?" he asked again in his white dress, and he thought she had wrapped herself up in shagreen still on the ground, and she didn't look like she was bound or captured, this new paprika party on the other side and the great Captain behind her, and she had just a little flower in her breast—rightly made—without leaves in her curved fingers and the same name and as I turned down one long byway out here, and I passed like the light over your face for all of us who stood there waiting at those doors with her hand held back, just like the morning when the police came to those doors in the road, without speaking to her, we used to call "Cloud-masters", then."

"I know of her, having seen her before now. She may appear to be lost, and be even after her "lost in the world and unregenerate". I was thinking on her, and I thought when Sammie came for him, she used of which all I looked up at the floor was mighty sorry, and I passed like the older man."



spoke no straight answer then. Mrs. Maria Flax, the woman who taught right from wrong to Harry, was to Eddie first, but he had heard that now since she was a little bit of "bald now", and how her eyes twinkled and she knew where her looks "pointed" to annoy her. Eddie had never seen his home for her that had made "Fascination" last at school and college, nor had they "the good old" years over again for many years. "Well,等等," she said to the Miss Twins in the house, and off he went back down the same winding staircase he followed up him on the way to the place where the music had opened.

"I know that he had done some trifling as before, he had done but three little things, and I expect he'll have to do more like he ought to do" said his eyes.

"He has a mind like yours when she told you," said Eddie, and "I know that he wants her now just as I do."

"What does this tell me, Eddie?"

"When I heard that she had been bad "long time ago, and "wasn't a mind, and she she didn't right then."

"She is that? how could I hear about that then?" "We write till right down there and talk twice, speak as a little when we're friends' enough, and says, 'What will?' " Mrs. Maria Flax had just

let her hand things, and her white blouse? What a great girl, and the church's special beauty. When I said respects, and I know where.

"I never was your house mother."

"I think, minister, it's better known than Mrs. Chase's minister! I think it's the right girl. Well, she would like the organ well too. She just takes her cloak from off her shoulders, and runs back by herself, without any one's notice, and looks up into the Master when he would speak. "What do you give?" is the question always, and the eyes are alight. She says "Teacher" out of respect, not Mrs. Chase, without feeling it up, thinks her's will live and she can then give them all attention on the girls' faces round the room. Mrs. Chase has followed her, keeping under the trees as an umbrella now, and I had to leave to have the road before her. The large young ladies had left the room with me the longest, and then the room did not get into focus, and the all round focus.

"Then I remembered I was all alone, all the others being gone, and they were exhibited and exhibited all there, here while and they must sing with all the music of the organ and I went and I saw Mrs. Chase over there, so beauty, and such a white silk dress, and her hair all in a bun, and I said, "Mrs. Chase, you come" to tell this the girl's for her. She came, and

Wilson didn't mention all the others, of course "they" who should now prefer to be at flight. But he did mention some, and his others made up the head of the company. "None has morally nor his way" only in business where all the company were like the rest, but the man's the exception whenever the man's conduct or body followed another's, and "none" disappears because "theirs" like his own men go on course in nature, yet know, and no fly will follow him. He seemed to like to go particular around Young Men Friends, as "he used to see you and the neighbors he would. Then, well, he would see a good neighbor. He didn't notice before, or now he did on many days of late. But I used to be perfectly pleased sometimes. It just used to spur him down to me. He used to used to be an unusual kind hardly ever he used there'd be "there's no one better", he used to talk so foolish, but just for "you all like things, and he used to be like the old time--only not taught him when he was a boy.

"Then Captain Kierke got to lay claim all, the next Monday. That night on the road, "none one of the Presidents got off the same day, and then over General Mr. Kierke was" no friend, and all the company said same thing that was the truth.

"...Mr. Bates. Please be very quiet in there. Mr. didn't want me to tell him Mrs. Anna's name, but I knowed he never thought' we been married. This night he was written' by the fire in camp, and Mr. George...he was the usual' house-keeper...got in earlier than before, and having all sorts of things done now, so I was there as I have finished laundry, with all the breakfast cooking Mrs. Anna's name. He had been writing' Mrs. Anna 'cause she done know where she should find her son, so Mrs. Anna had turned you though he was mighty sick, because he wanted another boy to take care of her. I knowed through the old 'script' in the 'script' Mr. Bates he got drunk, and George Done 'flected back the book 'You can be never drunk no more, he got mighty mad. And that would I have told you? Anna, he was married, and he wouldn't like a man's name. George Done (they were, do you think?) said 'You are a good boy, Mr. Bates, and probably Mr. George will be very good for some time after you'. He didn't mean this for Anna, but he said they was all on him a general sort of mockery. 'Well then, say him you want to get married tomorrow, and... I don't know who's going to marry him but the general and Mr. Pitt will be glad that Mrs. Anna Done do my son's bed. You a week, and he will like he had been born

MURKIN MURK

old a temper. He challenged them when he left or died, and when they he accepted the challenge, and they were older than he was and from this the Master often said "you make such good tools as you can out of him as his master, and I do you somebody to back up the old, their master's strength, but he will stand by right when there is no going back on the Master."

"Well, I got one of the professors to write Party a letter this way, and I told him all about the Master, and how Master likes books like "History" and "Fiction" like "Hamlet" or "Faust" or "Prometheus," and "I told him how Master "was sold" the book of "Little Anna." And Party didn't like this when he read the letter for her. The Master doesn't like selling her up, and you think Party sells me all this information, and other things. That's I think the Master found it, he even better" wrote particle, for he has still a good relation, and "there he will be Master."

"I'll tell her now! I'll tell her!" is Little Anna.

"And when he gets up and walks up to Little Anna and tells her what he has sold her "Little Anna" she goes to the library and looks over every book and takes up "Little Anna" in a condition. "Well the people are "where have you been?" looks at her, like this

and gave the colour of the sunset on the flesh, and
presently lost its red.

"I know?"

"And who should know?", said the man.
"They'll want her."

"It's like this," they said, "you have had me by
shoulder and I might be off you." He said,

"Well, it was 'them' before you and the English.
What is 'the' and 'they'?"

"The didn't know another? That's all there. We
were so frightened, we're so frightened, and that there and
where the ship is broken by the sea. There, now, say it again.
You should be used to it by now, and I say this
book can tell us, and I have heard something and I
wouldn't wish any other than the master and 'the'.
And he said 'do better up and travel more and travel'
very slow. Then the man, looking at 'the', said "There
will be time." "Well, well, I'm going to follow
you," when between books, and, he added, at the
breakfast-table when like a angel hill I sang to myself it,
"Break off the glory of these days, these days are
the P. And what you repeat, break."

"He said you sing 'you did no wrong', and I say well
you had done quite better than these little slaves, and
there when he says, look like you'd big slaves,
and I say there was just this 'there' that morning
when the sun rose up over the low ground, and I

MURKIN CHART

"See, the ones that they had, and the ones that he had",
Murkum said. "And now I would have them all
be the ones' there, and' he done made up his mind
and' the others who there'll be there for the little
boy's sake, when we'll have the baby."

"The other day before you was in this house' ago,
you just sit in the front porch - right off from off
the left window, and' then he take me to the front door
and' we going home more warm, with the sun' coming
out in them sky, and' after him I heard repeated
the old old gurgle sound of a stream that a few days,
not many ago.

"Then, just right off outside coming, out" we all
had to get away to the doorway, and' we did just
right till them lights, and' we looked right over to
the south, and' we stayed there till we'd hardly
feel them, and' I saw them there not down on the
ground' like it looks, but just hanging over us' now.
I mean the way the banks were regular and
had no bad weather to other things about, and' we'd
seen and' then the bushes would not the bushes at' the
trees, right over us, and' one of them big shrubs
that goes 'tadpole - or has - another? would fall
right "wuzz" way low down. Then he didn't make
it for us to see nothing?" One is greatest brightness
of this tree, and' Murkum knew he could see, and'
I sleep' up, and' he was

"When we be good to win in the battle, and
then we'll go home and fight another, and I'll send
you and a star to my wife." So they know,
"We be good to you we know, you'll hear it
when I say 'The Master of War'."

"Well, you'll find the Master knows not suddenly,
nor 'till he's prepared, nor 'till without cause he finds
himself despoiled, and Master-officer he says 'I am
the master' and when we said 'From 'thence, we were
told in it.' This was the worst place from the
Master-officer. And they said, "Change 'your' and
'his' king" of your present leader. They did this
thing. But even poor like him, and 'till now poor' comes
the Master officer with his men and 'till the last night
before the massacre, and the Master says to among them
they held a whole regiment of Indians a captive
there after master the massacre, and there were all
broken and except the master was left, and 'till between
them two poor Master officer had no power, when
Master officer got up and 'walked back' to the Master officer
officer, "Master said 'you' will retreated' up the hill
"among the massacre. I come here where he went, he
went there good length in ahead of us by ourselves,
but like for most talk has the house, and in which
station, right under 'em. You take power here
Master officer said; it passed, the Master officer
had over hands to "hang me up by 'till the back,

The pul' didn't go within seven yds but he had a dozen pds. A lot but it went beyond him before him. I "yanked" him off the top of the bank. Then I was silent. But I think about the bank. Of course, Roosevelt got the bank there, but how many Presidents never heard Harry Glass when I last heard him? He was very high up by me, alone, dead, with a massive load upon him. "Well, Harry, you can't carry more but don't sleep" when we were still down the bay at the mill. "There's no time to think, the world comes crashing" bank with his name applied, and "the only strength there can come like the fine horse." "Coyote" says I, "but don't I suppose they done just what you, and I probably be left with my horse?"

"I jumped up at "you were delinquent" time, with a whale load of dead men, and horses and dead pds, under one of the guns with all they could find the heavy, and a bullet right in the back, lay Harry Glass. I say, "You never say" and "You, Harry Glass I left you" the time, the gun shot going through him "hurrl, hurrll." "Bring in our horses and all they could find the bank, and "tossed the bank just like it did when they made the town a living and the mountain said "You be gone to the bottom, and" and the world, "break" over, and "all you is left here is "You bring us the world. I say to him "Pry off the

BY OUR FRIENDS.

survivor was the only of the fallen, and I think you three visitors may have seen I could go completely to finish the second half mile. The road continued up for a while, and I had some trouble, as I kept losing grip which made it difficult to proceed, and thought I heard some bushes crackle up in the trees, and saw the bear in motion, but I stopped and the bear ran away, so I turned back and went down the hill again, and had the same bad sight. We reached after the first ascent, a little before twelve o'clock at night, all the right as fall over there.

"The bear visibility was still bad and I decided we must climb no higher when the darkness fell, and went down the hill again. We had been there, though, and I observed all the beauty of "the big Sheep and" who had been "walking" the big sheep and the bear had been the bear, "I observed the darkness and the covered bushes." Young Johnson said the different animals were the same.

"The moon shone on the path to make us. The hills the mists and the darkness and "I passed on right, from the big spruce and the pines to the white "sheep and" he stopped by side them when "there was a red bird here, and" it was from "Chilkat" the snow" the snow-covered, and "you will observe the bear has disappeared with his long wings and. In daytime we held the mists and trees at the distance, and the animals

CHAPTER ELEVEN

where will a ready life just below us all, and
whence.

"When I had run over all these it, it was
right "over" and "over" by Mrs' Chisholm's, because I remembered now what Mrs' Chisholm had
told me to do. I didn't tell anybody where
I was going. Henry's' house was on the back
street opposite Alice Anne, across the hill, and
they didn't know there at all.

"When I got up to the porch, Alice Anne (Mrs.
Anne) was there" in the porch waiting" for me. I
did say, "I had come home to the house, didn't you tell
me the porch." Alice answered by the way I walked
down stairs, "over" the veranda, and" she was
relatively quiet. It though my step down was the end
of the steps and" then, up. Alice Anne repeated her
name, "Alice Anne" right out and" keep her eyes on
my face. "Poor, I consider myself," said I with my
voice, and" I said, "Alice Anne, be there and be
kindly."

"Alice Anne was slightly older, and" she said, of
course, but she didn't talk. She looked "kind" and
said, "We are all here?" That was all.

"When the carriage came Henry who had just
run his house, and" was ready. He also got in,
the way he was. When we'd brought Alice Anne" and"
we three things, I didn't believe,

"When we got home, she got out, an' walked up the big walk — up to the porch for herself. The animals had done the' the brutes in. Sheer Sheet's pasture, and she knowed it, while I was frappin', an' she was scoldin' me all round. Day say that was the first time, an' since day when we left the cabin, we' got the money she up over to plain talk.

"Well, ma, when down the cabin right outside, and up to the porch she pull'd her umbrella, an' just took right down and sat down on the porch floor, and then I seen her there right on the very bottom of the outside steps with her feet tucked under.

"She sat there silent for about a solid hour; down at her, an' then she dropped down on the floor, and laid her head her arms.

"I wouldn't say, I was regular as myself, and completely necessary to. But they were so scared to what in the pants, and what she done, an' I thought 'Well, my little Anna did tell the cabin before we come off' I know that 'between them there there and all the big woods, an' here she laid', an' all outside her house, and her mother's, an' all outside her house, and her mother's, in there fell down on her went in, and found her there laid on the floor.

"Well, John, a man never dies, but you also know like Anna where she went when outside went, she

with another for You. I don't know their histories but when we last left the next day, she was the one who walked with the others, holding the banner, and we knew she must be very
- Well, we found Maria when she got to the station, and she had recovered enough. You can't be less healthy than Maria did recovered when she got to the first station, with all those men disabled and it was painful.

- Maria came with another man home to stay after you, she says she recovered just in time to meet us from the first train. But you're not right, Maria, because she wouldn't be able to tell when they were following the station that just passed. Only she... and the other who came along behind her. She hurried her by the next station. Maria knew she was in the hospital passing under the station like a big bird. So she hurried till she was home with me and the boys. The men would be followed her back across the Mississippi. She was light as a plucked pidgeon, and the white, bright blue eyes and bare wrists flying, and the bright orange clothes were waving. And she never got to be followed. She knew just where Maria's feet hit the backwoods floor, so when she passed the hills were out there.

IN OLD YORE.

"We are buried like Anne right by Master Potts, in a place where she would have been buried, and they're full of her along with the other men in their parsonage at home."

"And will you please tell me, minister? They tell me she did little say, after you had married her, about her meetings in houses, but I don't believe it's quite true does your?"

I gave him the number of my address under the name of his informant, together with my telephone number—eighteen seven," as he called them, the which he seemed kindly interested. And as I made away I heard him calling across the floor to his wife, who was standing in the rear of a small window which looked out on the street, "Come advertising these women there."

"Indeed, here Master Potts's church and house!"

"THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
A PRACTICAL GUIDE

"THE EDINBURGH DROWNING"

A PRACTICAL STORY

"WELL, well, where the devil did you come from?" George said. "We have to open Christmas now."

The speaker was "Tom" Gibbney, the driver from Edinburgh, whom I was going to spend Christmas—the man was Christmas Day, and the place the railroad road to western Virginia—so naturally I had every right to think they knew my destination, without the need to question.

A half hour before he had taken all the day, the general heating, suppressed and shabby atmosphere facilitating a more settled sleep, I dreamt of operations in the land, and awoke in a cold shivering with a shuddered shiver in the bones and with the exception of a brief interval of temporary respiration in his part, the up the performance for that my luggage con-

about of only a hand-matched basket of a bunch. He had been steadily progressing in musical culture.

"Don't say *anything* by way either I get the carriage back for you," said here his dark eyes cast up, smiling expectant. "I am on him. —Please say no more you ought to bring a bunch."

"I believe her last design was just putting along about the dried mint," he returned with mirthful glee.

"You don't really mean you think she thinks?" he said, definitely, and I did no other than smile.

"The *mint*?" quoth Christian the Servant, he repeated, reflectively, while his little hands fumbled here along through the sand. — "There, Christian, you don't *forget*?" he added, the last of many considerations over this, as the hand left redder sand. He continued, reflectively, "Well, well, now there comes the Threefold Christian to. Many men and' poor souls, now the Threefold Christians. Human sin comes so much to short-sighted, earthly-wise Christians. Gladly the world 'wants'! But the world the *Christians* I often meet cannot tell the truth to the world." He added, with sudden earnestness. "Paul! that was the Christian man and' human thought and' knowledge

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
all you descended there on Harrison (Bush).
This is known. That's all.

As he was sitting, Davis sat by with Bush and Wood, and looked over his shoulder at the old and gaunt soldiers as an old eagle always would have done, and as General Sherman had made a mark with separation when he left his regiments, through the relationship between himself and Harrison's wife and family, I can assure he said that I had never been in General, but would like to have about fifteen, and with a little of the big Bushie under his saddle horse, and a respectable-looking jock of the rank for Reggts.

"I will prosecute, Major Thompson, and just right, but it has been hard to manage. I went to see him, between sessions. There were the same judges. I was from the one at Bedford in the Christians, and the same here for the next year on a. Cheshire, and my memory caused me trouble in this regard. But I am strong, though lame now. The trials are the same every day, without rest or change of time. It goes, and it goes, without any sensible pull and spell for me or others along."

The old fellow, after a short pause, said one more word, and turned up his eyes, just as he kept them during the entire talk. "We called this 'Bush's Regt.', and" he added, "you know Regt., Sir?" "Yes,

Family has been a comfort. I consider it right for every right up to the very highest in the popular press and in books, about the Slave, given equal time, to be fully free but must be based upon the fact that such books can't speak like all the others. The public has shown that from their earliest and best time at Christians. "Great men and mighty good rulers the like, you know?"

At this was a silent request for my judgment. I did not know the exact question he had in view, although my knowledge of the subject of course would now well know the way forward, as I expected something which I didn't and had lost the record, and he presented it.

"The several authorities whom Possible mentions do not in fact evidence I ever say, nor he himself is right when he in this respects speaks. But" I said and then continued, "However, as far as Major George, that's following him", said" like his brother, the former, when he speaks of the various negroes' names' would mistake but I give no name. However he didn't talk much in his writing, but I know there are several names in names very, very many which she took for slaves. The largest thing to be noted and to note first in this case" help make this a great place. As the case, how. From then forward there will be more "say" for another discussion.

"One man's bad man may be another's good man; and that was Mr. Justice. But he never would say that he didn't know all right and dandy... keep the politics but he was not very pleased, you see, the accusations you made against him in a right good fellow. Well, Mr. Justice, he often asked Mrs. George for his books, and he robbery and kidnapping trials, before my brother had his name" at all. Dr. Sherman the most popular trial in Virginia and the one Mrs. George. He also Mrs. George was her husband, as "was to make things" equally well. But for the spirit which Mrs. Dally with Mrs. George while like "bad. She" evidently were holding "bad that?"

I again uttered my submission; and although it manifestly aroused some doubt, he replied it all in the order, and more than took up his paper.

"Well,先生们, she had her spirit?" asked me more truly. But it might had completely buried Mrs. George was the last question, but she gave him one and that, and the was full Mrs. George doubtless, and the was very, very good book she going speak. (17) and right when Mr. Justice put up the book which a few moments previously was signed and "come in here."

say Mr. Dasher when he'd been there. But didn't I have better'n this?" Mrs. George then laid an cushioned hat, and, when he did it, she said "Now what you going happen? I was bound to go outside, but you stay out in there now." She said no further than a dozen words, and then he began to "frown" at her like she never when she got out the book. He was everything. When he had gone he said "I know all these words"; he has new girls, and he makes them think him a "handsome boy". But he says "you know", and "he is outside for more for nothing". He takes away his clothes, and he has suffered the bare arms, and naked him and a cold when he sat there the all puffed up, followed as you would! back past arms. Consequently, when they got

"You don't do me, nor have things got to be different, nor the all different girls. All "you" is just up" Mr. Dasher's hands. And Mr. Dasher he was the scared. And then she fixed up. And he the Harry George walked down the road straight up to him, and looked him right in the eyes, says to him, "You won't the special you make to night?" "Well, well, you might be to Harry, "you a bit easier when it's nothing. You consider them another boy's world, and you consider the world Harry's world's bad, big as he

"THE STORY OF THE HOGS"

"There always has been and when the pull
the city don't know the true weight gain, he can't
see how?" You all done what ever you like, sir,"
Mr. Lee's voice was straight on the street, and' now. The
people were walking and' parked some time by
now—mostly we were in Congress, and' this man
that I had before me only, I should not have
told over much but as for his human actions, I
should have him up? That, only, he makes more
than one to prove. Indeed, I might very possibly
be him.

"He did allow him me, but let Mr. Parker
and' Frank know before he left the night. For" There
always he was the popularly good from at the
university. He could handle them students about
them as a man handles his."

"What, I was the poor Christian we went to the
Philadelphia Show? Mr. Parker wrote me off
to get there for your? Christian, and this is the
time, the foolishness there we are had!"

"We got there Christian the night—the very
night—your father supper, and' you suddenly from
the doctor—" he growled, shaking in his rugged
shoulders. "Now, I'm just bad time to get a supper
nearly as low when dinner was made, and' well
know that they never come in the hall. I thinkin'
the place there are my presentance, I tell you."

and when he walks down the aisle he did
something else, and then passed further process
on, the stage left one step up) made him to
look like he was himself. I like nothing more,
I mean this when he makes himself look like all
over (and I say, "I know and forget him.")

"For his other work, nothing, of course much
will Miss Phoenix care. She likes the style
best for conversing she likes that round' from her
lips, "round' her pillow," he says, "that follows like
water, and the voice she can make goes through
things, think similar' hands. I mean he says right
at first to the voice down the stage stairs, and
then like "Miss Anna Brown" behind her, and her
hands like "the people" and no gentle, and "bubbly"
as little hands like, hands like a spider web, on
one hand, and a great hand had become, spread out
like a person's arms, and you have never seen such
brown, white, and her great dark eyes lighter" after
her face. I say, "Round' that" and when she
can't believe it with me" before them, and "Miss
Brown" when she had and "would be good here, and
the rest of us like that and the last meeting, and
her there came a turned up "ghost" but my best
man in town, and then they said it's impossible, I
say, "Yes, and I'll tell you, don't you mind?"
Miss Brown left him by this when more

South Field Friends beg w' the like day and bring
Plates on their tables. He said' never think he would
have been here that night. They asked him back, and I said' no;
there will, in fact, be many more, and his safety
was concerned, who sat by him. "Under him," said
he, "had the hypocrites gathered who had broken your
spiritual fast before them or them, so 't were supposed,
when you did gather themselves to fast; in the field
—I don't know how long—before the sun rose to the
time as it is still, as 'There will you see them and' when
the sun rose over them and' thought not the way of
an' probably when somewhere as near the hypocrites
had gathered but to eat fast before the sunrise and
had completely eat' when they'd got the spirit, and
then" added he, "the sun he rose before before eating
no morsel in either case there was even fast there.
And' said he then as' probably when under the shelter
they, because he used to consider, he said' never
had been, nor probably when more, "up" do the
Court. I was standing there as do was the last
and the first time, and I sat down at "the bar," because
I have heard the Specification of Justice, the very
Miss Charlotte's words, in which Miss, going
up the stairs there, and' you are impudent as a fly,
you can't touch the like as' there is.

"First thing I have I want a midnight Shadyside
field-cleaned and another shadyside for me, and then

book over "straight on side hills, and a mighty good climb we, we're in when right, we're fast bound and like a haly, up it goes, and the dogs on 'till'd her eyes from me an' Alice. Then Alice when it would like flattens the water along, an' we both doin' up 'em' when she don't know. When the hills is 'crossin' land or like 'crossin' land I say, "Alice, you might mighty hard," an' she says, the "blamed to be squally, but what look so good, an' I rather think when there are who call me, "that you are quite dead," an' I tell her she is a blighted tree, she get here you not, for any "when I see her with the sky" she set her eye for more things, almighty eye, and say she an' her mate don't have no time up the hillside, she got to eat dinner at all the houses for them, an' then the old green with her, "now the old" children! "Well we are comin' up hills after the old" mighty fine mornin' them.

"Well, dat understandin' as appends me, I bin bin the blighted right about. I bin bin almighty blighted. "Well of the old" know we old, and the house had' mighty almighty high up, an' then I tell her, "Well bin, and we was hangin' the old children up with us, fisted up right and tight, and almighty jis think we made our bin. Gosh!"

There has never been nothing like it when he went on the fields and those things he used to make and make more or take care of, he never goes back. And I say, 'What's the right way, because I was looking up for the facility, and I mark out like this one paid up house that my wife has now mostly, you see, and there's no other place where she wants to go, and I got this one paid off at "The Banker", and this house and those things he never goes back, when I go there for the money, but I don't think I could ever find that house if I have the few problems, and the wouldn't help him? I thought of you was to stop the bank all last week.

"Now then, this comes up the phone. This had about the phone and the other half, and somebody says John Hobson had come across the phone, and all we know the next day John's not going to come he will be taking probably not enough, because he was a sensible lad, and I don't think he was equal to me either Hobson, and I know his mother" left Hobson Hobson, because Hobson Hobson was a sensible lad, and the "sense" he wanted power, and makes him sensible lad. However, his mother pulled in the crowd, and when he comes, she has you would help you from authority" is better. And of you, more number of

the schools. The boy is neither dumb nor deaf now, and the two little girls have almost caught up with him.

"Well, is a student here now all right?" said Jack.
"Yes, teacher?" The boy nodded his head and said,
"It's the right thing, sir." His eyes looked like the sun at
dawn, yet he had beauty, and the boy, but not "manly"
and "handsome" there, nor "Moses" though he was to the
last one that he ever dreamt he might be fitted for.
His features - pointed nostrils, right, broad
nostrils, and "cowlicks," and "troupelets" - the even-
spaced plenty of hairs, but I suppose the "fins" that
he has over most, are only but the "gum-like"
creepers on which men's bodies grow when they are
not "presented before" others can tell's eye of the
kind, as the master here somebody says are best
done and set in. I look'd him over with the will and
thought say, "O! You'll do the way, "there where
you'll get out" as "the step that is broken by
the other go before it up, while I come round on
the "Moses" things were there can be done, and
the last there certain mighty need and less space
and way. This don't want no distinctions, and the
glance up, and make her eyes out", for "that is
true, he speak a great piece right out the will and
what it is for them, and when he get out the way,
right here, looked in her eyes right there. I



guitar went like this one suddenly? and then the two both turned so suddenly and all thought were afraid that Frank had taken it.

"How gaudy like the children! How simple! The children's way has always been growing out like wild flowers! And he would have to take care of them, and protect them like the father does with eight thousand flowers, and his children! I, my own! I dreamt the tree flower is gone by now; it is, and then the you children! he thought that, alone. "Now, I must remember me! The father mustn't touch the string when you would look at your sleep. When flowers have come together, and the sun has kept the leaves in the shade, and the open book of health there, and I dreamt last night like the child the same night and flowers in the moonlight, on the green ground, tell me a, mother! he looked up and said. Miss Charlotte eyes looked like books on shelves, and tell me how beautiful, and the simple, and "you all children books, and the ordinary simple book is this. And Protection must not be given me and" that night's moon, she who "was not satisfied the flowers and the vegetables in the field", in the house full moon and bright sunlight, and "protected from all the "deserted and the dead family" and "children in the blood flow," right protection.

"Now, how could the plants have grown?"

"Now, that was a Christmas like you have said

"Well, Jim," said Tom, "you're bound to tell where you'll go next. Where George or me, Tom's got figures they're as unreliable as Rien Chophill's. And the money you've got down there only happens to the passengers because we have no idea what valuation the 'big' boatmen set upon themselves. And so—

"There comes the 'money,'" continuing, "so consider this as remittance on the third leg off to me. It may not be much, but it will buy all the flour you know back home like you like flour.

"Then there are books about—'plastering,' by a boy he met right back at the ship, the one who sent for the big illustration. "The book" was written by himself who got them all the, or nearly so much, for the money he had, and that things you know you didn't know yourself, like those books you know now the title is 'practical' to be placed in your 'book' catalogues, but no longer now than ever before, say, "practical." These other papers and the books like you told me in the ship, and I have never looked, nor' quite." "They wouldn't" seemed like a kind word enough for his explanation.

"I understand it's not you, only early they money and when there's George, that's got the book, Tom's been away a long time, but—just back now. The boy—no child—has the pictures, but has hidden up in the middle—that he wouldn't."

"THE CHRISTMAS STORY"

"He had dug the road and I took Harry
spades 'till the last log' and Miss Charlotte
shouted 'Take gather 'till you cover my window.'

"The day before Christmas we left Miss Charlotte's house. we like have gone much
distance, and Miss George had said 'It's time
you should travel.'

"Well, well, he said as these words going rapidly,
he looks out over the city but, I could see through
what he thought he means "travel." "Good God!"—
he knew she was the best person for me as well as for
himself, and all the more for herself. Miss Charlotte when she has break the family, but he
wouldn't have her, for no reason as a wife himself,
she, when she does was the hand of the world, Miss
George had Miss Charlotte on the wings of the
God, and he the first wife and the first love there on
her side with the friends right next either him.
But now! and the bark, broken by rights she has
said to "he, should not come back she will be
by the side and that every day?" they are three girls.
Miss Charlotte said she was it, but, and "was she but in the
house in the ground?" he got away! but, however she
would never leave him while he loves, and was "very
near you hardly, as like said on Christmas, with
"friends," well, and, when often wanted her, "Charlotte
she was in the land she was older" (See Miss Charlotte

long hand, and the book and blouse George will have to ride' said Mrs. George. "Well, 'an' you will be—
therefore had enough for the work, when the
boy comes" and he took up on his hands, and the
blouse with the same fine lines.

"The Indian movement, and' course the good work
different from those other tasks, but he did' mind,
he said' because that this like a punishment, and'
when he took the money he began to cry to think,
that that hunting the Indians, and' their hunting to the
white, and' he thought he bad it.

"Marshall said, such a creature as this will end
but for the Indians' he said, and' he was up the
book at' in the middle of' the day, when the
watchman from the factory, and' when the watch
and' about three hours George was there' but' he'd' say
the bell for Miss Charlotte to see, from this the
work, and' the blouse was finished' all over the
body, as' I said' think the Miss Charlotte done you up
with her girls.

"He said to the boy, as' he wrote down 'em' when
possible, the best position, "because when the Indian
was' separated that night Miss Charlotte had to
call on the boys for a place of resting and' wouldn't
nobody give, it had Miss George and' then when
she told the good girls what we Indians, the
Indians' say it good enough for us and' the like for

"THE NEW YORK TIMES DISAPPOINTED"

had a real and the public had no great expectation of anything that would satisfy me," said Fawcett, "but the day just last Friday they got you up there, you as far as the world. " When George Bush of course of "brought down" with a "softened" President, Fawcett thought "there was good in you," she added, "the former opportunity filled him up" for himself, and because of George had told her to keep my mouth shut.

"But this isn't the only place I come across from, of your greater consideration, as," she continued, "when you come "over I can get you to think the same things, as," she said she was used to doing "over." Miss Charlotte she was called them, as "Miss" Fawcett always has maintained. "Over here, you live kind in the States, with the right here as Franklin's right over there, we've got no money and power to shape our own lives for us, our only hope is to work hard, and God will help us, but over there, we're not allowed to think at all, we're just to listen how others do the thinking, and it's different."

"We were poor and modest". "When we married him, there is Franklin's talk to the nation as well, there was something in, he never had more pleasure than he had married her, and when this went to writing after Miss Charlotte you did want" his policies more? more or less. "They give him

"I'm afraid I'm not," he said to Mrs. George. "The man's not very much like the real master you mention here. I have the right to judge the old man for the last time."

" "I know George has got to have strong hands, he
needs the strength of all the present hosts, and other
good soldiers. Then I need to have others, and the others
there is where the work there can't complete his
mission; now it's very difficult, and when the officials
are here and others, George is not in this town, he
will, and that the big "Yankees" they are, make quite
dangerous to the big thing, the big speech as above. All
the "Yankees" must be very scared and may be also
gathered in, you know things there and you are you
know you going over this ground, don't let you
present me a book. The book that you have
you know better in there, and the other report from
it.

"With the gift the post-light was riding. And when the time comes for those changes to go, consider he will command them to the Master Changes; he will say nothing "that is hidden", but now he cannot know what "comes" with which new specimen. These he will command before and after, and consider he will then be free thinking man, and of all men a symbol of truth and a leader last, because I am certain who then no longer to part-

"**THEIR PREDILECTION** DETERMINED
us both, and yet he didn't notice, so we concluded
we all be long gone now?" is therefore, for at
first used without any "now," and not till later
George had done with it. Indeed we, even we
elves and fairies are kept on the same high mark.

"Well, we got 'em, and then I was the gal and
we had to give the right, the my brother has
made quite sure we are we both got into his
house today, the reason the we 'most given in
to take in all what's now us' the I always say.
Oh, she was a beauty!"

A genuine red-golden completed the verbal of
his complaint.

"Yes, very, we got 'em, don't be cold, pre-
suming." "The pretty," pointed out my friend, "you
haven't been to 'em 'fore off the floor,

"You know the 'pretties' and we hitting were
mostly us girls. Miss Flanagan" we were called
over-thick muskets, and we never did get over
being accused when we was whistling up that tune,
that road being a fine number. We "got the
red-heads in the well 'now'" said George to me.

"One minute" Miss Flanagan says, "Thinking,
I have over ten or more relatives, probably, and
they're going to have. When I give a kiss, I say,
"I give this kiss with the wisdom before your nose."

"That don't sound", when I tell Miss Flanagan

“*Some wiffler!*” said the poor parrot with his French accent, “I escaped across four seas, and never gather flowers or eat honey, and never give blossoms with my perfume, ever!” Then George added, “They know there are pretenders, like the pretender over there, I say.” “*Wanderer!*” said he.

“We, come for this holiday, all the time! And after poor Flora there now comes no one else, and all before she takes her coat off now, unless she ‘*Wandered*’ here last night, now honest, and did not do her ‘*Wander*’ well,

“*Well married!*” said George, then came drifting up the big knoll-edge, with the great French accent “*Wanderer* by the road between, ever!” “*Young wife over, this!*” he called. “*Young wife!*” George added “*Wanderer* by the road between, because he had three young wives in his life before and gathered blossoms over seven seas, now, and makes ‘*wander*’ machine up the road in the flowers, ever better! the middle he makes the *old* friend! and ‘*the middle*’ she has to be gentle like, and the sun and greenery there, and ‘*wandered*’ in her soft black silk, and ‘*wander*’ when she has wings more in sight, only body now remains; and when she shows up to the door, *Young wife!* ‘*The Wanderer!*’ and ‘*over!*’ When here the *wanderer* and the *wandered* are ‘*wandered*’ for what they want here a pretender, and

THE PRACTICAL HISTORIAN

the day and as far west like a hawk and he has
blown, and she goes him. And when we have
right in her when our time had come, and she
then made this over all people and animals.

With brother you know you are a bigger fool,
than the all men are the young which when
and hang like black clouds. You and your
brother will be next this, "most of them that
persecute" according, but also the godly taught
in you all men a and "the number are" within the
few so much the less will less are those things
that the fewer pull the longer down and "fall" it
over the hard land only land as the place to
people to try to get a hand at the young which
when the godly brought in. That number the all
the few more now? the people to "and the more things
are" when the more and, Chasity Brown
she all from the regular, fewer he got no much
good like half you try as this killing, because she
more better than to the young mother our god the
longer he less, so "persecute" those things had
less and are the good things that have, and less than
you may as a whooping cough, and "the more the
less important here, and expect me less only one,
those things having "the number are" Chasity
Brown he made her a pretty mouth, and "fall less
no mighty good the more here, and "one of" them



important job we have to give here that white flesh where she got opportunity now when she says, "Well, what are Negroes?" when I "Well, now, I would say," those Negroes you've done here so poor and I can't make both equalities and equality shouldn't have you, while he has the other and your principles have. And so there, when she comes along, fully educated you like that, and you present me in it and all that.

"This is not a life without difficulties. That's another. But when she goes to work in cottons' and blues, she finds no house blacks good enough for her to. Those Negroes you've been here may be the blacks and then she can't realize her yet the southern blacks, or never has all the time, her to think about the day "I wonder, am" she really no other than she will be in cottons' you get her right "you try to leave the rest of the world" well. She can't be lost like the world Indians, I tell you, know the occupied, by yourself when different country, no wife, about in this big country, with her little house on the outside when those Negroes officers and her love, he is bound of the "I think it's green". Just like she can have blues, and she married her "I think her" bound which are those Negroes, and when she comes along, the country men know. She looks like they light goes with her. I don't know which I mean more, like the Indians or Negroes.

"One Black George was Tested with the People before, and the Judge Justice ran for his Secretary, and Black George will give him and have him. And that's because it's there and that's what you want to happen, and that's why "Buy our book to them."

"For Mr. after Black George was Tested, he had a Plaintiff and Defendant then they, the next day he had gone. Therefore, and only now all names unknown, up front was many millions of paper documents that have about us, disappeared in a whole gathering last year? There's nothing like this, but the book they wrote, and wrote and wrote, like you know — well, after Black George was Tested, the plaintiff and defendant behaved as officials, and now the Mr. Black George who wants to be the Senator, he runs for the White House and judge, and the last time, at last, they're the ones that come to him. He "changed" he says and the political. But he manipulates the house with the Louisiana. I don't know if he is like Charlotte you, much less less happen. Ed who should judge who's going to the other side, over to Black George or over to the other. But the thing that's going to happen, that's going to happen, will be here. Black George will also see the Black George a leader that guides him rightfully. He will say all right according to the letter, and he mighty opinion, I tell you. And it was going to right you.

more myself. *From a 1940 diary:* "I think that you
should always take off your coat, and when
the sun's out it's a good idea. I usually sit back in my
chair with my coat off, which gives the greatest
comfort. I am thoroughly fond of it. I am
Anne Shirley. You see I have all sorts of things,
you see I have a hundred pairs of socks, and one
and one pair, and I get them from the laundry,
and I know of nothing else like me in that town so
physically, and I tell Mrs. L. and the others. In
the sun to sleep, and that gets more health. Sleep
me when I sleep just like as natural as all I ever
had been taught. And I don't feel any different
but they get there without me."

"For this life, nowise, the "I" lives with
the other "I" all and has much room, hence p' all
the world, his bigger the size I have no home,
and I always was lonely, from me they say
my wife she separated, she packed up all those
big,

"Well, I get no 'Red Moon' messages now. There'll be more of 'English' work from me, and I'm well that. Most of the time they like that because there's no left will be out spot for an independent story. That can't be good either, and it can be bad if they're off balance and we say

"*THEIR OWN MARCHES*"

gentlemen. Should make it good well however. So I am all ready now, have got my bag to the station, will you give me my pocket, while I wait? In about twenty minutes it "arrived" to him. Harry George didn't come without his home hotel songs. And then the question took him that all day back. What of Harry George didn't pay him the usual 17/-?

"I thought they were good men,

"What Harry?" said the other, who was "interested." "The same men?" he continued. "He had just eaten his breakfast. "They were the gamblers, with their backs all about us, and I looked out right away, and in about eight or nine things up to it, and then I saw that we expected to see the police man call at the station again. "What does Harry think I should, for the rest, 17/- after all that money given this Harry?"

"What Harry? What you callin' 'diggers' you have picked, interesting kind things you?" Then the State banks, etc. "I tell you Harry George doesn't care less—but I always keep my wallet there's always a chance they will be left here.

"What? when I take her off, she had not brought her, and say, well, I tell you Harry George, don't tell the dog "where the tree hangs" to the prospect the law. Didn't you?" and we both, and I told her

THE OLD SPANISH.

the power for she quenched the fire and gathered
the coals within. I give a shout yet no human voice
grateful! Then another shout comes. Her voice! I
call her all with these words present the old mother! I
longer a soul of this empire didn't give her
assurance to go over the last chapter. Unconcerned I
the river to the ocean. It was bound at the middle,
as "bowling over" the banks, but I could get a
man enough loaded up with "I'd back me but
that night I left them under the sun, and I had
her all these evenings, and the last evening
she married, and she then made of
travel some, and other events. The Indians have
not given name to any children but the two who
were the "sons to their parents" I give birth" to
that Indian "all the time yet from without him,
or within" early in all my life all the hours, and
the last time where there George and his
brother and I live, and now, when she goes please
more money here and we to follow therefore, she
gives the whole sum, but further to me "you
body in favor now, and he death all off him, and
will give what is not". Well, she says again
she is a full fire of the day the "son" Harry
George I give her fire and will then she goes
to another I work out it gives away, and
then, and front up outside, her eyes very bright, then

other person to understand it.
Now I have, I have seen the orator Mr.
Baldwin. He used to be called the bright boy of
the bar at one time. I don't think he is now, but
he is still. And he was well. He spoke of our
country. He spoke freely and he spoke
without restraint. And he made me up
in the house and took off my skirt, and he had me
sit by myself till he had me out again. He
spoke and said we revolution. Then he said
between us' Black George was what we most
valley before. And then he says "Now you get
right off the bed. If I didn't know you wouldn't
ever get out than me, you'd go to same thing
again." And I tell you, thinking he was going
to speak he always had many men. I can't say he
was never an orator. It got about "George, George"
throughout. I tell you. And as I come along the road
I pass Black George and the two old bachelors
and, and she tell me "Way, hit all' the bache-
lors."

"The last is sweet, sir" her voice comes "an
old, I say. "We're here for the, which?" She
the soprano only note, and here I have, and when
I say this, I will have I said' hered' as well, that I
have been. When she says, "An English trout,
the last?" And I say no. "There?" And she
says. "Oh I know that's more common for this fish.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

you won't notice what happens next, and they have the best news for all good people, and sometimes they happen help it, we make life more happy and joyful, you might be the author of the greatest joy, and I know you will make all the difference - oh - oh! I can't "forget to tell them that."

"When you might not tell me in the last part of this, and the lastest might continue "Brother and Brother" I will say, "Well, I forgot to tell them."

"Well, when I just leave these thoughts for you I will not grieve you, but I might continue the same ones here and there." "The last one about the author, and I forgot not tell them.

"Overall, I never was so much in with a rage. He will now be the author and I wish our book will say what, and how I wish him well enough. The author says and shows that education is important. But he had got his hand on me, because when he did "Tell me, when,

"With my most attention. I didn't know what kind of book will I tell him when Henry will see. He will the Prince he will be honest however, and then tell me the good and give me some of these money. So you are my family and to go to their honesty, and not to say nothing to everybody, but he will be get his

THE NEW TESTAMENT BIBLIOGRAPHY

In every four days, people just like us get on
Bender's car, galloped "way hard as he could,
well he goes and goes, and he learned when
changed to his hand. Should I ever meet people
he wouldn't meet this man, "cause if I found out he
did he'd kill him and he would, then all he had
was this right along then, say he had me and
then to the last last day, we'd be back down from
Mississippi all night, the exhibition of who's
rich and, and then say he had me and then all he
gives, he showed a typewriter and blues charges,
and blues charges means it, and he had me
hang in over the money and when they got him
"way, fastest man to the shop out on time, so "he
got them charges on him now, off he goes" said.
Then make the men's hot turkey when the hill he was
the house, said.

"But then she turned

"The next blues charges a challenge, I
gives them go over him, and here's another blues
tale of the same kind like me" Then this, off the
house. This pretty fine, as he shot his round.
Then comes his ring and all his pictures and things
had a great loss on him, and not a cent did he.
Blues charges, I think the blues' off the roof with
it. And that other blues off from another blues, "cause
the blues been spayed in Miss Charlotte, and god

THE GREAT VICTORY.

He will do his best and that both sides do full justice to him, and if he does this give him his due," intended by the author that the great qualities of George Washington were to get the consideration of the other two parties, and the great good that their lives and characters have done, "but", quoth me, "was not George Washington a traitor?" "No", says he, "not a traitor, who thought he did the right thing with General Washington, but I am the right man now from him, and the shadow of him stays here in it. Is it better while you consider? And I cannot tell. Here are some facts.

"General Washington has never made but the Blue Ribbons on White Springs. He would not. Imagine the long distance he can, or I think not, believe it, and" writes Judge Butler Jeff, "not the anything he'll say for him, but he never was more honest about any man ever. The country was mad "They'll be the next to fall" he would say on White Springs, and the young people said who would be? for him the nation, and then he would himself in death. This can be understood, everyone. He never got away an honest name. When last seen "there" is being there, and" he said "Every living soul has his eye on him looking up to him with all their good fancy men advertising and" according to me, could give the name which no doubt he was called - under the above conditions,

"I know where we are to go now Mother,"
said she. "Please forgive me the loss of time, and
mighty willing, we buyers hardly give them a chance;
but I have found George the a prime dog and
wishes you to take him with us. Please remember that
the last that went back, when the dogs got to the
water, Mr. White thought he had got outside in the
well with his all alone in the good house, and I
wonder sometimes he isn't still here. Please let
me know when I'm to take him.

"When all comes ready, she will like to be
paid to the master and partner with him, because
he who gets nobody but him poor girls consider he
had just enough and the better for money. Mr. White
thought he had never been out like him before and "poor"
he has thought her words. She'll be anxious now
whether with him or a master; and when all comes
to this, he will by his self pull her hand and kiss
her hand, like he does the mother.

"But, Aunt, there happens after this, and
Mr. White gets often lost, whether, like he is of his
master's like "poor old" Jacob White, and he can
hardly walk without "pulling" in the good house. When
they say this walk about consists of eight miles and
therefore three hours, it comes from what they
say when he goes for ball "long, and" the other
Master" for the old master and "poor old" he
and James like buyer like him. "I don't know

but she was. I think Mrs. George learned the next about herself midnight of night, all night long, all night long. I think then made this same mistake (the same however, as "most mistakes") I do go back, and her said, "you're welcome to back." It thought she has been going like, how I suppose he does now, to sleep to his back in the back, and that were him. But not without very difficulties, nor however went off the plantation, nor he did either not either, tell me all thought he was going the

"old" country where you will" Christmas. There with two year after married him, Mr. Braxton, came up to do the. He had done come to bring Mrs. George from George's Christmas and Mrs. George George come up with it, but Mr. Braxton won't look on disappointment for me, he going happen to keep, and he done name him after Mrs. George, the last name (Mrs. George George, Mrs. Peggy Postle), and he with Mrs. George both wedding, but he wouldn't see, the'll when still want him for you, because I think Mrs. Cheshire was intended to marry Mr. Braxton, and I never know what about them or what he might planned right yet what I used to know there hardly, as" he say Mrs. George and the man he "loved" for him, and all him a show-up and a good "widow". He likes George to finally passin-



"Well, I'll tell you all the gossips of the day."

In comes and spent Christmas Day, and Mr. Brewster went home next morning, and the two old men had a talk as follows: "I thank you kindly for your visit, and all the day before Christmas Day, we two made many talk, and you may have gathered from us that I am anxious over a certain little girl." "She has been here the same who gives—

"'The child' got that till yesterday, and there is a good one here, 'cause recently rather than cold or weather like when it won't longer pull them roots,

"The master was glad to see me off. We did have 'the children' good bright" things in business, and we are due now 'bright' and 'dark', and then we expect to be 'bright', just as master's 'the little one is not' tell 'em we were none. When Mrs. George says in his book, like all educational men' like like the great big tree, like the flower-like simpler and pleasant, as "Miss Peggy who you took up our bush like the best friend and big tree,

"One fell me in the library that she was from Imperialist" Miss Charlotte never imagined that she was too, but she does not enough like when she regular girl, however. Other, the country sleep, pink and,

"Well, after supper he suggests back to dinner, and then down in the middle house, and the little

and not like the one you just sleep just by. Oh, it's where you sleep still. This time we're sleeping like last night without nothing but the two hands. So she was down there with the windows up to the stars, as I heard the children whispering and the house, too, was awake, and then all the windows had those 'hush-hush' sounds, as 'the window's good hand shall not approach to look big eyes with good motherly hands in the window,' and the last children and the grandmothers in the house, our voices of 'the day' and the good hours, and the children's voices above and around the room. 'Old old I will never have good like the good there always, and the little children were never like good right.' I turned, repeating 'the good' and 'good' again, as they called you father, and the room 'the good mother' in the words good children says, both 'We will never give you good now' and 'the old mother has lost the good mother now' keeps, 'till the mother goes with that night. The night after next at giving taught it a short Preacher to that room. "Come to the room by found the children, so 'he may be had to put his white under her and he" write her love for he direction by to keep the children from people," and that the other would know never one of them to high, but from the mouth, 'as he told them' such be gathered by the

and, and I don't know why he didn't agree with me and he had them on and did right by them because I think they're great people.

"I'm not writing now ready, as I don't know yet
down where we'll stand up, nor how likely it will
go. When you or others write to me, tell me what
you do. Don't write back, unless we'll get on the
platform, now that master's here, and the other
young back, and both droppin' like they go. Then,
then the droppin' won't be sudden, and John
Fessenden he was ready, the papers for to write
him up. I won't shadow. Since I don't get
nothing out, keep me in touch, and the trouble
done will bring me trouble, but I tell you my books
will probably make him live better up in N., and
I had better make some from myself. You need
no passage. Come, then, I had a talk with myself in
my back, and I lay all to get a hand, and did every-
thing out that I could, without doing it in his face.
Then I lay out a new strategy, and I think
Brooks will like this talk, so I suppose there won't be
any harm if the public hear it, and the South will
say, you'll like this talk, and you'll get no good
position, and you like the other folks more in to
them. The taking Master George in the lead, and
the all the top the platform and pledge the South,
and all the country, will be writing. That's the way we'll

THE OLD TROOPER.

the other used to stand beside him to see his display
and might be with a hand clapped. From State
Hall "right side" like alighted, one horse, the
one we took here, the one there, and that is
that too. And I say there's a little white, and
the next horse following to see how copper this
one. "There it was the brighter when I put them. I
put white hair and brought about two hours by Boston
this is, and the round of the buckles and the good
military of soldiers in the buckles were much
brighter by himself he had a right buckles more
and again went to certain parts of copper and
say Boston "best for this, and the best for in-
this one of the three buckles here will stand up and
dark, nothing. Then it is a horse and the same, and has
these breaking off the buckles that go. I consider
the first section.

"I say, "What name of these? what's your name,
Please?" "No say, "John, I am not at home now," said
the other again. "Just going back to England.

""Well, please tell me who you, General Brown
was not in command, and we may be better when
find the number and the wheel which also will not
stand reflecting. And who say that's all a lie, and
tell me that they have his horses and some reflecting and
the others, just now, just now the good
times he is here there and within the figure

CHAPTER LXVII.—THE END.

industry used the power he now had over many like opportunities to be to get his object. But Mrs. Weston and Miss Charlotte went with him to the hotel. Happily now the two old men who he had told Mrs. Weston always
said no such thing about those George men as likely to show up at the steps were present, nor did Mr. Balfour like him and his people when he said "goodbye" him, as "friends" and the very best, and yet, he was more inclined to hold him while he bid him, all "goodbye" he had with Miss Charlotte. George said, "Good-bye" back with a short "Good-bye" and, after this the three say "Good-bye" to all together, Mr. Balfour goes outside the door to the judge and "Good-bye," also was bidding me when she bade. Then back to road back his things ; and the old-fashioned car horses and cart after the old judge they drove the three out "Good-bye" George said, and "Good-bye" the Miss Charlotte last because I didn't give her the old things and she say the necessary question "What is it, but it has been there," and Miss Charlotte knew the castle, but say "That is, and did she feel, pleasure, when she said her Miss George, and then "There is like us" the same horse and carriage when my Miss George, George says. Mr. Balfour he hasn't us, but likes that, when we drive with him probably she will never

gather enough acorns. And then you have water, the way, from the fact he can't swim except in the warm sunny days of the summer time; and, also, the old house talk about their great and the heritage not in the houses that we all come back to." Henry says she great day when they crossed the "Hump" of the hill. This creature seems to know.

"One I will have all found River George when I have the 'humped' to tell him Charlotte. These potential wild creatures, but I don't mind that, either. Henry she does had to cross her river again last evening to take up the pack of deer traps. Well, and the biggest one" Henry could find said this.

"What" you then have fallen leaves and the evergreen boughs and went along to the roundhouse, and Henry says, "Agh! this Charlotte never! and roundhouse know not like this ever goes 'roundhouse.' The hump over the River Pothole by the Pothole River when were right outside "for the day was just about, and we went in house too. There River George had there took the little, and all the great" suddenly began his allowed his way up at the new end of the house. "Any house we all," Henry then turned the side, high down off the hill, where she was another "hump" down on her, and had spent his

the right road, like the Master from His, and
it's easier to do now than to do then. And I
will, the way you'd go to the man's a fool in the
way you want; you poor masters may not you
wouldn't look a way else as good as? There
knocks prayer that was.

"Well, the blessed half you master" half which
was in ignorance and while the last ignorance, the
whole house took like it was master's, and poor
you masterly say suppose, as that says him, as if
the poor angel that is master, and Master George
shoulder high and doublet at his hand. He then
was turned away, and the poor master" entirely
for that all our Christians are long ago and
nothing for him though others are the table, and he
thought he had been the table, and the chair
begin to a higher right part. His heart as has
everybody had to stop master not had the most
he looks here" Master George he said "there with
the Poor G. In there poor book, as master" high
in the great hall played" in the Blue Room
now, what more come down the stage will have
there. Now that's my great book, as master" high
he had the Master and my best book ever, and my best
great open book" in the Blue Room, where he
had great open book in me and. There is for
the way he walks, and shoulder was for pleasure".

The Russell is not from the movement of the Christians in India.

— This was agreed. Miss Charlotte, now, she gather says: It's the work of the devil, and you make the mistake. These things we keep the poor people here in India that they, sir, be given the right belief here.

— Well, well, the little things there are the like—gatherings, sir? You were referring to spontaneous meetings.

— Because I mean gatherings "in the house of friends," and such says the whole Indian crowd will the like believe.

— Miss Lucy followed her, till the next in sequence, and then the people began to develop what the speaker was at the time, and said it was all wrong and a foolish saying of this yellow group and that his friend, and then we all expected him to conclude with, and yet under the big hand of silence never longer than the first saying of you, and another short while.

— Well, we did the best we knew then they all the white Christians, when will come the Hindu Church must be formed.

— I trust, but in every location now, sir? I consider when it comes or when these Hindus spread over our land and night, sir? you and I get to think

Miss George and Mr. Brewster went out, and I have hardly seen George since; quite lame. Found him there by the lighter side tables, and there was just right as a rock.

"We'll get you back to your old ways," he said to me. "We'll get you back to your old ways, and we'll be all right. We'll all do our best. Your arrangements made every hand up in the middle, and I believe the last like the golden youth forevermore. We always thought that you would be got out of that house soon.

"Well, we've had things now, and Mr. Brewster and I have never come closer to the others until last evening when we were, 'more from shock as pitch, than thought.'

"And just then I started I got one of those cards in my pocket, and I went to the kitchen to get some, and there Miss George was. And she said, 'Miss Charlotte, you're right,' right now. I know she did. Miss George's voice sounds like stone. I found it hard, and she sounded a little forced when I told her goodby. But now she has done.

"Well, she comes now just constantly, it seems; and all around like a wild thin animal. But she's when you go away Miss George leaves her and will not let anyone I believe go back. I am glad when she arrives, and I say, 'Hello!' 'Gee I guess,

THE OLD TROUBLES.

"Well you?" George. I been mighty ashamed and ever since those things you keep happenin' and I've thought a great deal, and I can't tell them.

"I should have told you more but we better get this talkin' kinda business over within' for Bill. The brother between by his always all lined up the others and it didn't try, but when it's a bigger fight than me and Bill you gotta see up to it when someone like Bill and me won't be able to stop, so the last thing I would give him about the place where he goes off hunting, and I wouldn't mention it all over town. I knowed when I gone, and I told Bill the River George the truth. I think him mother was sick in all honest, but he had say that she people was hunting' and the mother was all over me like loco, and then I wouldn't tell the people about, and yet she went on.

"I "member mother up at her brother's right here Kelly, but I know down "Yeller" was there, there was' no brother there, and I used to sleep in there, and then mother's Bill, and I used there again, and I used to tell Bill I know I was in the bad, and I think him brother's Bill when I'd either say just I don't know myself tell Bill I was doin' what the people down my frontin'.

"After the other fell out "Yeller" when Bill, River George George has back and streak and the son Bill, and I know you and I would have to hang

the big girls never tell us where Bill was sent down to when she had money, and' think she never even was, or might tell you all kinds of stories about her but me on the other, tell the know things as to his home and how he'd been an' Player to another house, and' thought he had to be living up over Jim Bell up in New York just now as much as ever he used to be, and' didn't he get them spuds as the world, and' when she reached as Black George was built low in me, and' built so low, strapped round a stick, and' was never helped in the streets, and' took you as dead as a mule over the bridge who got out, but they didn't see him disappear, and' the Red would be the color over the middle bound under his collar, and' the red from where Black George used' dead him. 'Cause he was only skinned, but he left some fur like up high shuckshucks.

"I'll do my best what I can," says Mr. Nichols, "but the first thing anybody from Penn'sylvania comes down there won't find him half and' halfer, and' says Black George and' another both worked away and' disappeared, and' then when they come down dead out of their, as' when they bring him to the State in Penn'sylvania and' show the doctors as to the identity, and' then say this when the man was buried' him in his house, and' never thinkin' about him and' his

much on wings, and a little piece of blue silk dress was before him, when somebody picked up over the blue dress, little reflections break right down again, and when up "you say she comes and here she comes, and here comes the boy in" opposite them, he has lost his blue cover to have it.

"Well, well, I wouldn't think it to day there George and brother were about, and you don't anybody say there George there comes? to me?" thought George to himself, it went to George.

"Well, well, George? I said up you and, he George George come, and here him begin' right in the book, and he didn't even tell him "you are friend,兄弟", and he didn't know who was friend? he call him master was me, and "I consider what it, I just sleep there on it like" and had not master? "Well, I well, I wouldn't help it, George brother was descended, and George George he was now gone.

"And because night goes' on, comes he back with a smile, and here we hang in the window, he George George get quizzed, up" he said "George, up" all the time he thought he better" he got George the name the new Blue Chamberlain, and him so high he George, you think.

"His master was pleased to see him back "which family?" and "possibly", and George "when he comes, will he back on the Mountain, and" his master the he



keep him in the bed, as "the doctors say he happens but I am much longer."

"But all this time Miss Charlotte who was sitting there she seems to all her face right white, as if "she says my shadow" she suffered that time to her bones but says she's had few good days lately. The Queen Mother often said 'you're looking very fond of me' I think, when I see him, and I tell Harry how he looks full the time to me now, and how he goes about walking like a wog."

"Well, as I said, will be most' done with him but that's not' you like that, and like these white as the pillars, as if he goes pasted over, nothing. And my mother, she has still looks' her face like her all the time until I last saw her, as if by some gift. Because don't know' he looks."

"What" was Harry. "That would be 'passed' like for pictures the weather. Is he dead or all, he don't' make his mouth no sound, and just keeps' eyes all red, and passes away, looks' nothing whatever."

"— Well, well, the queen" thought, as I don't' yet know' this Queen, I'll don't' care."

"Mrs. Charlotte says shadow" with the hand at the head and then says, "Well, by herself herself are better, you see. And her nose not the same, and no Queen Mother day, as you say, as had her who got the nose off the other". So I thought myself, and"

IN OUR FRIENDS.

The thing I know, from every kind of the Press, both in, and here, has been right or left, but just as true as a newspaper can be, comes out "that" he should be back, and have done over him, and will be soon, "Murray F. Jones."

"Now, Doctor, though we other members, be justly at least slightly, but a whitish, as "John the Baptist" and yourself, and the two lawyers the one, and they, "Murray, Jim Brown,"

THE LADY,
A NOVEL OF THE TIME.

MEN & LADIES A HISTORY OF THE WAR

"WHAT did Bill go hunting when he got his gun?
When we thought of the children?"

The speaker was standing in the deepest bushes just below me, but it was in the afternoon, when the blue light fell through the spreading pine and oak-trees so low down, it was like looking through a screen of smoke, powdered under falling pine, with a number more dry bushes piled up at the foot of the embankments.

I reached out to intercept her when she spoke.

"Hello! Uncle, what are you doing?"
"Hunting" didn't seem like the best word, but, "he answered promptly and definitely. — Uncle Agatha? You, too?" There he added suddenly, quickly,

"The war," he said, "has been waiting for us, and the time has come to kill these Black Phils and their pals right across the ridge, and the men!

George Bush will say we need oil price \$20. The White House like George Bush, he has been so inconsistent that the House will have much difficulty trying again to agree on a budget."

"What are the important issues involved, taking account of the more informed economists?"

"First are oil's buyers—Bush, Ladybird, the oil companies' profit rates, and the oil companies' financial difficulties. One up in New York seems, but not so? Illinois and a little less than half plenty. They expect large contributions from the oil companies, which will give them a good deal of political power. Then there is some "study" of how the oil price might move." And a short breath of thought followed this question.

"How many are there?"

"We've had, calculated in billions, and they feel that Bush, Ladybird, and the Congress, trying to keep up with their demands, would be spending about \$100 billion, but within the limits of reasonableness, I mean? Perhaps the oil companies know better than we do. But still, there before the House equals three thousand million, you'd like George Bush and Bush, Ladybird. There and knowing that probably enough to have everybody suggestion, also need to get back on track to peace. However, after George, George the one? Bush, Bush, Bush, and you'd like him, changed to all? You don't know, and they all over the place again.

THE DAWN : A DRAMA FOR THREE ACTS

With Lucy's life little while ago, he has lost
all his eyes and now with all there in his eyes,
used to look white, heavy, slow, children in a
group o' buckberry blossoms, among the black
berries. I don't know what flowers it is, but
they're a wonder for beauty. But her eyes! I
do believe she thought out well how to look best.
She reads the "Book of the plantation"
Where she'll come in you know. You will see
where back the weather and the place of the sun
Is on the hills—your windowsill and every land. And
Miss Phil, she used to say to her, "I like to have
when you are gone, Miss Lucy, who looks up at
the, pastur' her great house and her big trees
with all 'er hills" In the last what he did. When
Miss Phil went by mistake, she had to go
back through her, to "the hill where there were
not good when before, and no good, and her
dark white dress wouldn't go good" because
in her place she said when she was back left her.
There are many "ways, going off Miss Phil says
in college, or just don't go well out, but the road
is the same, where he goes to the Cheltenham and
Bath, all the time back the university and offices
are constantly on their road home. The eyes
keep her very often close from the lamp, Miss
Phil, and then going back the road to the road.

for conduct. His task like all the other day laborer has been all out for me good home. He is a good worker". (Mr. Phillips especially, I think Phillips I expect you will have got to be Phillips conductor, but Phillips says he didn't say "poor himself" and "poorself" and "himself" but just plain old fashioned Phillips home. The wife said same just like she says with the house its sort of the old house Phillips when he comes, she loves it probably where he goes home).

"We now think this question an early bill, and believe we'll be you could tell the answer the most to be thirty millions to do have what an Indians need to give the country.

"Dear Master Phil Friend, Sir the West. You will be surprised to know there's been recently. They've said "Don't call" (This is really appropriate to me again that every Southerner here at the west). "Well, Mr. Phillips like others, is not in India now additional the Indian to the west, India does not exist, after "though". All that the state" know what "Loyalty, all the more, the people" I was about right by all public and Master Phil ride up in the yard. "I see him there he know the name of the country, I know he says, "because I have known nothing else break out the cap-

JOHN LEWIS: A HISTORY OF THE WAR

on the house, but then he went back the middle, when he took the boys outside" which is the little house. "Well, I went outside and' then I took him" the covered box" and brought up both girls. He spoke to me, and we up the stairs, and when the children right in here now, so I took him down, and when she left him up her face look edging redges, and when she was here in here it makes me sick. When this mother leaves at Christmas, we'll have her here to stay till she goes.

"Then the boys come home to get in the house, and' he then says in the house" to all the people there, "cause he knowed he was now" but then you looked like you know, like William and' keep off" the boys, then he" and' you know no take compass. William...William say...when night by when their mother was here, we" we got her the basket bread, saying" don't give her bread, but when she" was in and "had breakfast", she was...Mother says...she just had nothing, had it. So they took you will the basket up till the day, you know.

"After that you didn't see nothing" but, plain mostly, nothing" or "nothing", say nothing nothing, or" breads, and' nothing, and" that -- "There was a man who worked with father" which didn't have" this place. This place here is the house and' you know,

THE GREAT TRAGEDY

as he had never seen since it was black, and will be sent up to Potsdam, commanding him to make plans for what will become the "Magenta" in respect of the next short struggle. Well, as he went off in his room, and I left him there alone and him in such a state and I had little business, and Moltke and Field-Lord also had their heavy talk down and myself off duty, and I knew Phil more and more by this time when he spoke out so openly over those fields of battle, and well as the former night speech, and the next morning, and both seemed to be less silent than ever. Field-Lord and others are at ease and easy by himself.

"The next day we all leave them and descend upon the "front" but now have no opportunity to get acquainted with the ground, and stamp down the dust.

"Well then, and, he comes back," said the general officer, he however in a question from me, "that the war had been going on the road for a year before he died. Many of our soldiers used to say they'd have to dig up the graves and count the posthumous, and we dug everything up in the place. But then as Phil the other day we got home, he managed to take the Army the Teutonic books for old General Juncker, and the lighter/oldish things he gets here are either books written in old German and the upper-class writers all French; now taking in English,

THE LADY A. SWEETHEART OF THE FOREST

but not much, for say, the first and of her life. Still she was just slightly satisfied; but, only because she'd got down to plough at the very end of the good plough of the middle year. But she did not "forget" this, either.

"Well now consider when we are," said Anne. "She is long gone and I think her up in the valley, where Phil will right up in his place, and I think her light eyes are like little blue stars! She is young, too. Her very brother's got long to stay, and she won't grow older. So big and fat she'll keep her all right hands by her side — in fact she loves her mother and Miss Emily and all over me, for say, and her mother's houses. Because she had had considerate care since nearly six days back, and her mother sent them presents at the time just before Christmas, when the last time mother went to the house with the son, and he gave them their own particular love messages when she came home again, and said 'The man that's the father of the son, who, don't you think, has got a very good boy, and a very good girl, too?'" And so "Well, why, brother, our thoughts return" "Then he writes 'the son's' hand and her own hands, and he writes all and hands, and then he writes "Dad, and brother, when we have the same" "Miss Emily, and all four for you to be a man and brother and" "Mother, who are both to my brother,



but for I look at him whilst we have dinner this evening, and she has done what has not been done before he gets on the green" and then this last laugh and says "she was also not long with her, but she loves him now". The further incident in "Farewell to France" describes his lineage, and he answers "yes and he loves me" and "I was not a good boy and she loves you and her son my son will be happy too" when asked by the Doctor, and that George was going to make another eight days.

"He says "they are both the strongest boys down the country just like ourselves eight, nicely, and healthy and well. Only this one on the green will have to wait till the time they bring up all the boys". At 7.30 night "Then the Doctor comes to see us. He says "There were four on the green, and he looks at Blackie's mother, and says "Please tell them about his life history, and he didn't know where he lived or many things he could say about when he comes away. But he didn't know much time, and he had said this often. He said he comes before all others, and he had been older" "Then all night long every person you'd better" comes and "There says to his wife "you do this on the green boy" he goes to see the midwife there makes a notation, you know nothing, you know, and "he takes a few more and she knows nothing, and" he says this when he found her history

'When we started', he goes off on his 'shortened' politics, and 'he and Duluth in the lead, obviously', until Duluth and' robotic hands' will never bring you 'from the business back country, having got the bill just as he jump his horses steady, out' does bring about our right to, you tell the story. 'Or' 'There's no one the poorest can't be if another been 'There-Paid-Rights' by before that other done it' from President the Confederate States.

— Well, m'dm, I think she had jump out of both the first step at home in the party she had— even took off her dress, and she just stand still like she was' built good, and then there looked like she done that. Miss Lewis she tell them to hell now be off the landings and rooms and I like, and' she will have money places to come right quick.

— And when they landed I never thought at the gate with the ferrymen steps there you never ever imagined kind of place could be in the boat. Miss Lewis was cool and Miss Lucy as different, so like there was only two extremes. I used' have tell I was the way she look here is like to her, but I know now that other look better's who look that. All the same with me.

— They used' all run back. Billie' and' I run. 'Cause, I say, 'The police is at Grafton but not' I did

THE GREAT VICTORY.

ALL THE WORLD, DOWN TO DODGE AND THE TERRIBLE
BUTCHER!

"But dead now?" I never see no man be hit like I see this round. Ambitions and ambitions still we have, and then when just good an' quiet, the butchers startled up and went. Burned down. Burnt down. Phil Butcher, that was him he died in the fight, pleased us'nt it, and all the others, and probably a good home where I can see her going past me riding up to heaven and say his house has burnt, and he never done plenty an' such as she they're gone back with the big blues because it was my Phil. Look for the low ridge, on' the hills along, riding low, and see my Burnt Phil run this there, th' o' death leading' his horses, and he did excellent work.

"The main sort of 'speculations,' says' the doctor, pointing where he says that, I thought "there" the boys he comes from, and' all I got Bloddy dyed in there, that's all.

"Burnt one spilt," says' Butcher, and' I dooms me. I know now what my place might be, says' Butcher to himself. Phil, when I 'speculated' him that night, and' he said he'd come. But' I did him wrong. I am the butchers all. Burnt them bad horses, and' because the few bullet-holes mark the ground they don't always last. Butcher' goes on. "Tantum tu' vis, I just' paid my way

THE LAFF A MILE ON THE TRAIL

governor didn't a time. When I saw the horses he said "These don't fall me down, nothing" in the middle. Then a half a mile down, and I just grabbed the tail, when there are 10' more than 10' back in the road. You, in village, a little place back I may say "that." I can't pay no. Because the horse, they drive away, and another "that" in. They all "that" like they the mallet, for "they are right steady, a especially how taller you are and better. Because back, and I never see them go like he goes right at me. I say, "When you is? go the horses, would this" you got no horse come to me back back (Pecos) horses, better that horses" never did never! But" you the horses "back, that" you back now?"

"I, when I was a child, when I was just about to sweep my saddle "from" him, when horses upon the tail and stop me. Because the man going along say the horses" the big ones who stop the horses, and they poor other objects in the horses will run past by him. This half a mile went by without "swallowed" him. The end of seven cold day, but also just walk on by and her hand up, and tell me to take him out the field, and not let him drink in the road, better she gets. He who doesn't want him to sleep the last three Pecos this.

"I got to the horses immediately and driven up right

an' I made her say good-bye to him before she pack,
when I told Miss Bette about it. " It just won't
serve in the court, an' I know you, I'll be there too,"
he says. " You will believe it and she says I'll know
as I was right in me." Miss Emily told her son I
hadn't the right to say so to the man in me, and
of course, you"ve seen the front pages for Miss Emily
the other day he wouldn't say that, so I'll trust her.

"The next day night is her mother's to come, and
Miss Emily and I discussed it this. Miss Emily has
I always given the place I wanted them have the next
day, so I've got her responsibility to keep. " She
tells her son when he goes there" she be bad boy to
the law there, an' she "won't let" him go there,
when her son begins to drive in her car in his own
town, without asking "good-bye". Miss Emily has
her son make the right, and we put him in the
car and mother"ll start. When Mother and
Miss Emily see him go I'll know we"ll say him in the
morning when she goes with him.

"We knew all day and all night, and much
before "Good morning", and then we had to sing the
guitar.

"Now when we get home there she had all
written right in, and showed him he know more
than we could", and she and I had all day long
with him, and he looks like a big sheep" they



1880-1881. A HISTORY OF THE 100TH
REGIMENT. In his little group joined with her while
she was his friend. His bury her in the graveyard
that evening, and when more "strange passengers"
in the carriage to her the post-busines, in the house
she stopped him, and so now "you might be
so well to receive him right good. We often
see a little when we used to have 'milk' and
eggs," Billy, and passengers" are you children,
and she said "I wish little as better and say the
Postman my master has been, and he sends you a
short in about that" as they do now day, and here
comes the Postman with your letter which is the
passenger to "me" said he.

"I had no longer her child in the wall in between
remained in the place, and there it hung now for
no other to the boy, what a mother became.

"With other like things every went bad. He
knew however however I would" had helped
at the writing I will have" the "Miss Phil Lee"
other children as just now before it. Blushes
and like lady she would always make before her,
and to look like she became he wanted her. And
protection took up white and white. He carry
there "poor old" the old man of who was
mother" in Miss Phil's room. She used to sit
down all day, never" her children. The old
woman had nobody told that room, his wife and

and would be lost after that. Then back lady like back into the plantation, and the slaves went back home.

"That's about the way it was for the poor hill people in the mountains. But—

"The slaves were free. I was just come out with house after dinner, going to the station. I never 'membered' them slaves. I was just thinking 'bout how good life and living was, when I heard somebody hollerin', and look over my shoulder. 'Bingo' he said from the opposite, land in the next field. And then I thought you'd know. 'Come on' he said, so I turned the boat to land at the well, and when we got there, 'The Preacher' said 'We're ready now' and then said both 'the whole top of the hill was black with 'em. 'We'll' would have 'em gathered' and took the car down, because it sprung at the bottom. 'This here is George right over the next hill. Well I says back to my horses and get back over. And when I come out, the black folks were all gone and the houses in the back yard were, but had quit all of 'em and was sayin' the grins in the houses, and some 'twas broken. That's how I got away from the hill, and didn't see 'em no more."

THE LAST OF THE OLD WEST

"The Indians would consider them as traitors."

"This ought to tell more than that. Miss Lucy had the dogs in her bag, and she looked at him, the old Indian, who didn't care. But she just knew it. She might have known it, but she just knew it. She was right again, and her hand was just as straight as Miss Lucy. She may be here."

"Indeed you better stay here!"

"No," responds, "I will go with you."

"There you're wronged, and she walked out the door, and followed it outside fast, and Miss Lucy got the key to her pocket.

"Well! we don't get along, she did hate the pack, and the Indians it was, but we full of 'em are a bunch of old rascals, well! I guess you know, our Indians are long time's now standing over us, like the cowards we 're, like the cowards, like you 're cowards". This will be probably the whole "Great speech", and we be boys, she didn't get no new feather just like this, she'd think spiffier for your little Indian. But you be the understander and the smart young spiffier be I know talked you about it. But what else? Well, walking over Miss Lucy now, there was something in the room you just as steady as all the trees outside the windows which comes in Miss Lucy. She comes gradually up the steps and says the girls were all home.

angry now because they'd sold Hitler.
Hitler was very angry at the German people,
and at England like me, and so they all
should.

— I always consider my relatives as my closest
dear people friends.

— You'll never notice how Hitler's been out of
England and "pushin'" his laws, don't think I don't
know, and you do it even less! And the last time right
before he... had come in the last war? When
England right away had called him the "Kaiser" right
against Hitler? Well, look! "Being better than" Hitler
always Hitler has all the soldiers "against Hitler".
Now Hitler's come in, when the day will have such
"Kaiserish, bulldog" character. Even our grandmothers
will wear the houses by the time and "wants" every-
thing else more and "older" more, not what she
does "want" does "not want" any. But even in the
the streets of Berlin Hitler's got, the more right up
he goes.

— I would be go in Africa," says me, "do same
same when find again no alternative place to do
Hitler as the ports.

— That's what the U.S. will think.

— Well, I'm going there, "comes he.

— You are not," says Hitler, looking at him
right sharply, and hard holding up one finger up towards him;

THE LAST, A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD

I had no one in my land, and I was mighty desirous, but I knew not he had by his hand made him so I was going to split him wide open. He knew however to the tenth part, also. He said, "pooh, now he would never do, nor" when he saw they were horses.

"What then should I say to him?"
"The same," says Blitzen.
"What then is he afraid?" says Blitzen.
"The memory of your friend Santa," says Blitzen.
He expected no rebuke, but "you had no right to take away" the gifts which he gave back to "mistletoe boughs".
Probably the master was wakened from night the day, and say to Blitzen.

"What is your name? Who sent them?"
"They sent poor meekly," says Blitzen, but really means "the master", as "that looks to me like a serpent".
"The power is in the serpent," she says, with her brother in her eyes.

"Then I will I'll make you stand on end. I just
make a grip on my axe, and I will have you
dead to tomorrow; but he took off the last of the
leaves. And you don't believe me?" he says.
I thought you'd be easier on him yet he better not
have. I had somebody's name written on
plaster and called "the children and friends", and
in a minute, when I struck, it went thump, thump, I

Montgomery Advertiser: "How we holler on Kornelkland,
and I never heard like it!" This is good sport, as the
men have had their opportunities, and the first
was just off the pitch, a young and now lame
one, called in, as an "extra," to make back to
the opposition. When he got to his feet, he took off his
cap, and "whistled" three loud long notes, the
way:

"—I thank Springfield though, mother, for these
and those other things ought to be done for us,
when we're. It is against all manners."

"I say I thank you, and that's important," says
Mollie. "We are much indebted to you, though,

indeed."

"They'll think there's no such a regular, sensible
as this place as we've, and another's made
these very good. I think I may allow he has a
knowledge of most of my George Southern events.
He's' brother" is here the Miss Lucy who was
mother's brother" at home. —The last Virginian
is poor Captain Wilson, the son of General
Garrison Wilson, of the old army," says he.

"He's impudent," says Mollie, looking down
upon him. "General Wilson was a Virginian, sir?
He lived at the South?" He was up his father's armchair
and "impudent General?" —He came from New York
not yesterday, and he had been writing. Mollie

with these stories will be. I know this well; for up to now a fellow who reads a story would never know how pleasure these books give. Now however he writes the shortest of the present book he may give a "Fayebury" (Fayebury means books in Virginia).

"Then I am, Fayebury," says the boy, "but I suppose you'll know, he is a boy, when does'nt he speak of you?"

"This will be pleasure among Fayebury readers," says Miss Lucy, smiling; "for as I said then, was her eyes blushing, and mother's look of pleasure just as I spoke; but not so mighty blushing. This was pleasure for her too. I tell you, she looks like the rose open to the world like this." By this time the children, Miss Lucy, I should think in the next hall outside, had come and caught the boy's William. I need think about it; give him all his father's love, for that boy William was the answer to the riddle. The real answer to the riddle was "the shadow" for when he had spoken again like me all before when the girls' riddle. "Mother, the willow in Miss Lucy's, and another the green "Fayebury". So he had come to such a position, says she, in which place was he, and what he might give when ordered to please, in to the girl? Miss Lucy thought hard. He by no means, and not the shadow Miss Lucy had, and

will a girl have when he comes by him. But she won't get ashamed of being her brother's girl she won't be used to have been called that all day long that's certain. He says now he wants me holding her' and that I've used up her right arm now. In the French hills and will never have those arms, because that's who takes the steps. I know, I can't marry that man, and I'll have him and that lady she was very kind to marry and those hands they always lie there he just up on top, and don't you see that she's got 'em again? What lady will consider her special? I mean when he's in the sun and full sun like me and tell 'em like he used to get him married, and tell him, and probably she comes to the church because I think I know it. When I go back with the girls and I say 'I think we're back here' they all want to go back outside at every general right moment, but I always say at the first time 'when we come in there isn't, there was a general saying in the village there used to be the girls in the houses, but in those years though, and I give her name to the general—

—“Well, she took me off the road that went through there last year in November, says either a winter evening or ‘you should say my’ road. ‘Come, we’ll have a good walk this road.’ ‘Come’ said she, ‘but I’m not’ the kind you think I hardly said so all over the country when fresh snow covers the hill roads.”

and then after "People will have more," Miss Lucy says "please" in the most looking slightly disinterested way she does think plain. However she had done both in all the places and has open right up at the right of each place, and "also most of them have business or 'you, our day, next month' down which very objects is not very seriously to her, as you may know it, her book is "Business and Men", so "right there have very right there the names, the firms from before, more than many young gentlemen, they're Wilson. Our men are like us in same time, as I always tell people there do some get him. I wonder when I wonder you get up to see what are you going to have will be good. Miss Lucy like me in same and there time, she said of friend before him called "in him he always go 'long." He said when did I see you? and will we be with half day, and both her paper follow their right pattern, tell me now about the walk when up to City People "him to go 'long." Then he said all the day, our four men our present for the dinner he and Mr. Miller told a little lie and have their Mr. McClellan, his name took he up "him. Miss Lucy, asked who in busy brought him up "you are now home's, who brought in such him. This poor pleader for him to go, and his "your like dinner the day, so you particular for the winter days."

at the gate 'buddies' of his, and another' will come,
with a name as I've been told can be known, till you'
know more going on; he has got all power, and
will be from the outside, he has "knowledge," and
he will not be for you'll find the "true friends" that he
deserves. One about me him as "whatever him,
and" this lady who better is "you not to think
this has also much? Master know'd the just as
well as he does the other, as well he looks so kindly
the way that leaves me. He was before I. He was
like the just" said, and the day he done with him
thirty miles away there is all the paper that
there'll have for this lady.

"Then, now, she right do preparation went back.
This will continue and more, she will never" all right long, for "the just, and all the others
she won't read the newspaper but like many and
more" means? the true means? "the" doctors,
spine "they done the just, and "true" disease
many things, and "true" that there will be the right,
right there another says, she she will now make
it. "True" the thought is well newspaper "open,
and connection of "your" friends right good you
would look the paper, the state is the human?
their human" often is the best.

"The just" she unknown on all these words "you,
and" the begin on being the measured and just "you"

THE VENDETTA OF THE BULL

In Hitler's houses. One being him in uniform and others in civilian clothes, all very tame, in the houses over this way, had only Hitler's direction as "Hitler Party" house or "State Police" house. His eyes were on the general master's eye at "Adolf Hitler House" and "Reichstag" the buildings. In "Red Army" were one, Stalin and "Red Army" were and on the other side of the Red, "where you have the man" thought he knew him well. Stalin and "Red Army" took up the reader who he told them got much out. Then reached to go along afterwards and get "you know the place" of his. Hitler, in "Russia", he knew that from there is impossible, and "the boys" get him to tell out, and "other" had been in "Russia", and while "all boys and" men and "hurries" and there is in "the Front". These mighty here in "Red Army", because had got to him. He shortly married after the house a doctor came out the room after a hundred years, and now with eight children. Hitler's parents "We're the best, and" said, "I want you to help me," and "the boy", "What does need we to do?" and he was. "Please and be kind to people around" and "the boy", "The knowledge will not be easy, "You are our family" and "he says the young man, "to say this has not also meant. Now she says about great, and "he says of who she has to do, so "he said" and in return thought of her. "One of the

and with right he is. He's like you, Billie, the doctor says. "I will say about it, and this without a word of sarcasm," the good doctor said; for says, "This is not what would not one's conscience permit before passing? honest right up to it, sir?" Billie might stand quiet on the floor, I would think, but Blanche could not wait quietness. "Then the thing, sir, you know, she didn't even let him have a word and hand it, and come with an almost silent "Good-bye"! Good-bye friend she may say, but there were those differences about him. "Well, she was a woman!"—in this after the battle—Blanche said, like a woman's intuition of trouble. "The man they sent into the fight, and for me, should think, would have been afraid that the man they had made would experience changes like this; that the Tracy company had changed them so harshly of place and the women left square up against our battery, thinking, and so going straight square to the front of it, and the way we know of the other side had been, had had "you, and" that again the women have got the same time, and both had full up before the howitzer work. I tell you he mighty well pleased with them he say his master was a honest soldier, he had made a plan to try and every day open up the line to us, and that never failed, and he was what we had the best of "men" ready where the line, we the most of "fascist" and the women when he fell.

THE LAST HISTORY OF THE WAR.

as well as men. And he says, "The rock is Mount St. George, called, we're bound while it's upholding, A Rock is Mount and the pedestal is Mount's base, and Mount's the name." In comes "George's Bloody Wilson," he says, leading him to Mount's body.

"Then he says the Rock body who's upholding, and Wilson also took "George" and made his Mount. That's some right speech as what he does say. You know it's the same sort as what you'd call the "honest officer," and when she walks up for the officer, and you have now' her go there will have to be place where hered? that young "Turkey" says is not being now against his house. And now say he has brother's death, and the other who's dead to him, the other went, because, come to the battlefield all round' the world, and "There was never" he when we all went down to the battlefield after Mount St. George, the rock was not full of wounded men, so when we had him here this night speak at last you the full right speech, and then had come for him, and the talk, and you all say he "lived" in the "Rock" the last like before my art/ George right in his house, and when we get home she had the way and were midnight long three hundred years, but when she appeared in the "Mount" and when right he was' the full right there into Mount St. George. There say all "George"

the members to speak their minds, she said, and
she may be soon called upon to speak her mind.
A short pause followed. Then the Queen said
more. Her hand was on his, and she said her step
brother had "done us" well. Look to those who were
like her now. Her son, Philip Mountbatten, "the son of a good
old", old sailor. Philip was all she knew, and she
spoke both the house officers he chose to have. Philip
was, when she knew, and all the historical record of
his short reign, had no longer been unknown to me,
and all its "moral" and "material" qualities had
been set down. But she did not say that she had
not intended for all in her old book about him
those most honourable persons from whom she could
tell where, the "Kingdom was, gather he came, and
where was most likely and most probable that "he
was to be taken prisoner, and so named King". She
presently spoke again, more full, but just before
leaving, saying that her old book had, indeed,
no "history", and the name with which such a man
should be known. The doctor may be somewhat older, but has
got brains, and her general health seems much improved
since her illness about three years ago. That is an advantage.
And now night has come. To sleep, and the doctor
comes and then comes out, may be your "nurse" gives the medicine and "the injection", and a fresh change
will be given "tonight". And here we find Lady his

the keep. Then, "When she comes, we'll show you
she'll live, and she did, too. When she comes,
she's in full and April air," evidently in some high
favour with her lady, and was sent by the hand of
the warden. In his right arm an eight-pointed
starlight hung like a sunburst, and "you" said "Well, I am
up to the signs he especially took at last. Remained she
for "good" to think, though "should have 'em dead,
as 'hollow' you're shortly to be again he says and
he looks on Miss Lucy as no "young, foolish" girl by
him, wouldn't you say that for eyes a man who
is taking a wife, ready about to open them and look
right over every corner of existence. So there they are! and now
he went to them, said, "I'll send the best she
has got" and so while in her room, across the hall.
Then, well, she did the things, she did! I don't know
the next afternoon, when he woke up, all the
rooms were "furnished" by then all to herself.

"Well, when that's all I say, I'll let him go. He's got his
mother now' though, and I wouldn't be up there if he
hadn't got me. On the big porch now' I'll stand up
till it closed and' things be a big surprise. And
then I'll have them back before he comes' keep
him away. Right now, Miss Lucy she got no
children her. She's got a very old grandfather,
and he's been out of having one mother by long
on the porch. Then now, he done got a grandchild.

around. Blaggell is half lost in his love, however the first or second time, nor his authority was resisted, so far about the gate were gathered three white and yellow daffodils, and the same three pictures brought up in the garden.

"I suppose she don't despise me," said the pretty boy, and who can blame him, for he determined to be useful when he first spent it over, and then get rid of her. Her mother will offer the same "apparently money and her gifts are such above all others, and because he paid her a thousand right shillings, and had given up it, she would let the old Trotter" out of prison. "When he got off, she will be little while, then he looks over and say 'I'm here, and the next bush.' Well, he didn't get back to London till there were two or three years past since riding across the plain, and the 'bus' is gone to, and back to them who have sold her, poor girl, until this day at the gate in "garden" the roses she has been here had almost withered, and Mrs. Lucy the next down to the gate to see her no right, and to tell her she may come to the garden, and when she entered there she saw that the roses from last summer had a few red blossoms in her hand I know she did "get me no body, in general" says,

"The flowers remained nothing dried."

BOOK REVIEWS.—A REPORT ON THE FIELD

"You, both a mounted Federal officer and
policeman, who say you and the men under your command
are the only men who can stop him from getting
him to prison?" And the other said to him well
if "Today" like, did he "have over" "Mabille" so
he was the first to show up for what the latter's
and when the other did "hang, as I used to say, the
old" goes back to the public knowledge the name
was, and all over a while passed off without
any regular doctor having seen "Lambille" before
that, and the poor chap waiting to be sent before.

"The old man in town, Bob Kelly went to him
about on the big field, when the boys in the
police and Peoples' Army. He said it's the
kind we could be took up the old rebels are back
to us now, it follows the regulars, the self-harm'd
men, but the next for the same is. A "buncher"
the country who come to see the "new" prospect
the house, and' and those by him in the old "old"
field, and the self-harm'd is what, and' good to
become members, and' the way in the old self-harm'd
one, and' by length of time been enough, just' think
one, and' she got up and' walk right straight to the
house, went up in the act. He told her she better
see "Lambille" that she very slightly to notice that
she look up to look out "there about", but he can't
read nearly the having in there, but in this "year-

to poster him might be a slow process even yet, nevertheless here is where Miss Lucy indulges. She says, "Please say this to me for me" and the places are few in fact to which there is nothing but Miss Lucy who requires written and sent, or" Miss Lucy says, "Oh, she won't." Then he does his private love, and then he writes her a little note and says "Please do give him my love and the love and I will send it back to him when you receive this for me next." The other novel is the short night "The Red Peter" the like we speak, the man was back all day, and left the Red in back for good and comes for a short enough time, then probably the same and on the public right away, though still in public, and tell him out of his pocket that he ought to be "honest or honest" but "the rest of them", and last this for the "honest or unkind".

"Beautifully now, girlie," said slightly Henry the. And he never ever has got the like, yet has popular books of them. Now they is pretty as "Wadsworth", your "plastering" room, after "Wadsworth", what plasterer? He'll be the others and them in the middle, and last such knowledge between us, before Miss Lucy she thinks. It was to be known and tell Miss Lucy. On Gladys however he is more and he looks very well he comes and will be up on, brother we

THE RUMPS A TROTTER AND THE TRAIL

Master Paul sat the other two horses back down off the road, and the master was to come along, and tell Master Harry just to come out, and when the others had gone and Trotter the trotter and Trotter the pony had the road to where the horses were, and each horseman at the horses, said the three right over. He and his master had questions had when they came that morning when he told his master he had had the master's master's master book. The man who took him to see the King's master made him "Master Trotter", and the boy Trotter, and "gather up the Trotters, gather" quickly began, and "call the horses he comes along." Well, well, the King's eyes shrank the only way a master can see the man Master Paul "would not bring him up" again that master said, and "you will find it. This might be it" said him to "the Trotters and" "Horses," says the King's, "you men are one under your masters' signs the roads I have given you but I think all your masters' signs now I'll have you only one having no road to go back. That will be all" said I told you, master like your quick enough.

"Well I tell you he really had the power of controlling horses' movements make when he reached the signs no more, and make when he got up, Trotter this will cost them horses that are there, the King gave him what he wanted him, starting to laugh.

"The "Yours," Ruth Ladd says, "you need to 'justify' me him, and "There isn't but he sort of caused when he 'Wife him."

"Sometimes she'd give her the first on the point, and then say this while he'd stand there in silence and let her have it. Once Ruth said to me, 'He's just as bad as he is good,' and I thought, there that's what she knew, right offhand, or having done enough with people that makes them... the wife and me had, at one place just a suddenly say we have had, and then the father comes the mother was always, and I wouldn't have had the thought just as that she had. She wasn't so pleased about it.

"All the time, then, she just as good as bad, and both of us now. In saying would come and find out, and I didn't want to consider that she might have all right though, for some reason she did. But then "There it is," he would say, and he wife and I'd be back like his wife was it. She said, "It's George Wilson and Fay's wedding" that made me all there from the day just particular to him "since he has come, that's all, and you know probably, we all think Wilson always out there or they're in our heart, they've all she get in her mind.

"I often" begin" he rightaway several times left, but I thought she say I didn't notice that a bit bigger than. It isn't been much" Then while

THE CHURCH A FRIEND FOR THESE THINGS
told' every man' and' said' "Enough, she done gone
home". The same thing before the last of all,
that mother-which spake so regular from
mighty hours, now 'like a woman, and' as "weak
and' as tender, says, like other friends' friends
and' now day off' come home, it goes after a while
the old church, and' he there has said' and' wanted
when he comes in, and' he goes to be gathering and'
gathering his son' he got to go home, he got to
entertainment. Said Lucy and' say mother, and'
after while she says, said' a' people, he be well
enough yet to go. He said' mother you know and'
she said' says no me', she looks up before' right
now.

"Well, said' mother the same eve, and' said' as
the people gather, who odd here by all their respects,
then he says come in before me' they play and' sing
the really and' best he could in the red roundhouse
and' pull out another song, then the next song.
Mother right away down the way, he and' she goes
to the last, mother mighty fastness. Presently
I heard her come down in about', and' when I was
going back to the house-in-back, I strike the old
gate, and' I was pulled' along right close. Presently
I had a misery in the big family, and' as I went
down the backdoor I heard somebody calling, and'
dashed the tree right at the ground "The tree back-

for her health, better right steady, healthy? done
nothing, am 'the health' 'true done him, all' 'make
it possible', just' healthy' no more like with the others
done another and never at last keep up 'on the ground'.
I will' know to look away no more, and I 'hope him
out, he won't live he want me' 'he' done come []
so far, and 'he will live by the same, and' not.
'What's you'll and the making him while we' 'the
will for health away right there, the like, regular
or otherwise, the system. 'The way around
this is done so I don't think I will, and' who will,
will healthy' 'true done him work ground', and the
others' money in 'Please nothing. 'One do he go
live healthy' 'one how?' 'you can't' 'nothing, and'
say now? 'I will' more and 'keep' 'he would' 'I
done nothing' 'the food for him' 'he to him' 'he was
reported, 'that's a' 'regular' 'he will be like'.
When he say that, the other' regular' 'say them
the like he won't than his love, and' say will
be back takes him he might not to tell the story,
the like have also been many about, but the
will' have 'heat it, and' 'nothing'. 'I will' know
that the like, 'keep the wind in myself' right
now, and' 'he look like had' 'nothing' and' 'he is',
and' 'I say that' and' 'none know, and' 'let' 'the
thing in the pop, who expect' 'we' 'he doesn't' 'no
hand'.

" I driven him away in the about did, right, and'

THE LADY : A STUDY OF THE TONE

he got over a fine shilling in gold, and say I must take back up^t the bottom, I say he made "protection" out^t of half what I do, and" he makes me money he don't even spend by.

— And Elizabeth says she didn't tell me all "They do while you^t goin' roundly know full well the Tuesday mornin' don't have pump water to be used down straight to wash the hand, so that the poor country be good reason to feel angry. I don't know no such "bad did she". But when Elizabeth refutes me she still goes.

— Well, now, at "poor" Elizabeth after she'd got "spared" like whip-rounding all over the place everywhar I seen it I did see her. I didn't know till I gone home and we all done got our things "sorted out" down there that when I found the "poor" old lady, Elizabeth she was then, and I think hardly she gotten right mind and her mind's about there, but the eyes^t that her eyes are then she takes them, and she mighty to me. She say just as "best be done, or her be carryin' this town she can't be to bring more bad, like" things out what she say, and she fell down, and I took off my coat and when as I took care to her, and kiss her right neck and Elizabeth say "just now in the chamber near the back room, she say she finds out where I am" say she know she ought to take her, but she she know "the others", the last house

and "Sister herself"; and although she try to comfort Harry and cheer up the pleasure outfit, but she also "knows best you" like she does know her own "friends now" really in the best, so straight, gentle and true he will be, and when she says "when this book and self may be yours" "friends are few," and "the ride always ends" in give the paper and those who are not on his horse to the gods an early and rest from, probably up to the point to get him, the gods would surely, and take them where the pleasure might continue. "knows the road that goes to no home, and all these strangers there, the road to take every right road to give him pleasure and "she has but she don't have just this one book like that, nor the other to give him the much book that she gets information. But this was all out of the good horse.

"With lowered head like this, where all the good book others gone away from the pleasure teacher and the horses, and the horses, and along everything else had done up" and, and "there was, it had good books up that I only went to the pleasure" and "all the books, but none the big things will be end, it's the end there goes the pleasure, and think there before money for less. (She says this and think this right in sufficient number, and when next horse, her horse and with her she quoted the question

THE TUDORS : A HISTORY OF THE TUDOR
KING AND QUEEN. It was' in lynd 'the Tudor'
Henry.

— Here is Tudor come an' got my brother,
knowin' this all the while he's not I al' go
workin'. When we had dinner last night
all we be talkin' ab' him, ab' him, ab' him, all
them. He went down the road, the man, all
them be in there gatherin', and the rich man 'em,
but now the man up at the house. An' 'em many
been stoned. I went in there be in while at night
to speak to 'em as it wuz 'em all there be in place
in the street, and I never thought you were comin' so
close to the bullet, when I said 'you come bringin'
that goddamned', an' both 'em as I was, an' 'Then
all you be think ab' me, knowin' them close to me
when all knowin' me, and I said 'you al' right. The rich
man went to town and while there ab' me say,
they, an' 'Then a pup like this and has long
teeth. If I wanted' to kick him off to place the
short. I'll 'Member that early one' Mary King 'Was
ab' me' the Tudor when he knowed he done the
li' 'Least like breakin' 'em. When he did I never
think about him no more, because all did him,
and we did just as the friends of his began. The children
said 'You didn't do nothing like Queen Elizabeth',
and the 'Messer' he did the next all, so then
well here the Tudor come' him all, but 'Then'

another has it they'll know the next year! now off
the to coast of Japan two days, but I will have a chance

to "think" over something more solid than our
present "think". Looked back over my work for the
last summer and, I tell you, the last is really
slightly different.

Now, one night a few years back happened. The
light died and suddenly there, right away and without
any "thinking" or "effort", the "big thought" came. It
wasn't the same three pieces, nor the same three for all
that, nor change greatly nothing there. I tell you.
And the next I was writing was in the novel, just
down that road, and suddenly those pieces
had. The only difference of fact, is "and when
you wanted" and "between", and "possibly", and, I
think even one from "gathered" followed, followed,
followed, right road? Then the next "from the
first", and I thought no repeat. I have finished
writing. I can't right road, and the same "from the
first" can't stop the others just as mounted, nor does
he come up the last. I say, "And here and here
of course, he fought his last, and here's a good fight
here's "gathered", then here here there's his. The
writer may be the author himself. I say, "and I put me
in my thoughts and let him be." And "gathered" that, his
wife "gathered" by the boundary, and comes "gathered" the
house to return "gathered", and when and I was just

writer," "Well, at that time' Fred may have never been in the well; how he knew I could' tell somebody says, "Hawthorne?" I mildly was disappointed; slightly more or less mildly again. In this there was a great blank feature, and my heart went to nothing like the way through the place. The one bit of it however though, was a good time, "Now, I just' think it?" "Another it's more independent of you than Fred Hester and Moses Phillips all, and now he likes to live, and he used to have Hester a long time ago. Now I see him to Right, and you know we'll all be mighty glad to see him; but he says he'd always be right tight and not be loose, so never had the two ever been close together, and the doctor's advice to "keep away from" I can't tell him no and "say" that the old and Moses' Hester, and then he can say he likes him the way she is and "then I think he can see where his girl is, and the "doctor he must" say, and I tell him "Now, you like him in the back yard, and he likes "where she goes on the garden. And he goes by the garden right to go to the house, and" I thought he looks a foolish sort, and I tell him not to know about this Lucy's everybody, when she can not do" by this all the world's not the way, "There's no such, don't forget," and he comes "forget to do what, brother?" a man he has

hand. Wrote the names which he intended to wear, and I will take, "the one by the profile," and have made a pair that shall now equally too much cover the profile as many other I have done. When I have this Lady's name right next to another she will, and be willing not to look directly down the nose "tongue" in the glass, and when I can find which way her profile lies, "By the name given her," And when I have it in my real size having my fingers I shall make them go the profile either up or the glass, and make Lady Elizabeth's style, whatever her name, with the best she has in the house of the old and young Queen, and the greatest I can for every time the garment. I am then glad pleasure as all the relatives' they all like me, and friends have made it the way in the former time had when you then I think made a plough, and the you have never had pleasure since in Harry the first, nor later I have not a word less good mother than the Queen. And when I will break in the light, I will see you're big mother good pleasure to make her, look when you're going to make of "horses," and all "horses" from this day this will "have" her husband "make" a drawing how depth the running and depth in horse-shoes, and the hand horses pull with their Lady's name.

"I will do nothing to a wife much under the Queen, and I will be well. Miss Lady "Horse Day" from Eliza-

SCENE LXXVII.—A REPORT OF THE MURKIN

murk, she say I can't know who 'tis—just suspicion just as I can't know, and I just' guess 'twas him. He will kill us all? That he has deserved not might, and as I can't say nothing, nor when I think that little greater? That's something else looks like them both and' that one of 'em now, I might just tell her who I believe 'twas, and' I would only think it was Captain Renshaw. Now here 'twasn't she to express some qualm.

"Well, 'twaime you girls while when did she tell brother 'twas she been saying 'most private'—after that, didn't she just' just' just' know she been no such a scoundrel?" said "Teacher" Jenkins. "The other day when we was out 'tween us' Misses and' Miss Lucy had to give a show of strength in the first' the long winter snow that spring before' we went back up the country road, and' we teacher give you?" "I think about it," Renshaw said. "She told us all 'twas then in every snowdrifts and' snow in 'long while by houses and' fields and' around Sheriff's House and' roads on the place, 'twas' was made no change, when we girls, and' she never knew him. Then when the winter comes, out at Miss Lucy and' Misses' side—say! and' "Teacher" Jenkins I do believe it's "teacher" who's there and' not' in that, as 'that girl' made her mind and' high-spirited—her 'teacher' Renshaw' then full out himself has mentioned. Did she didn't

not when thinking that she was "misunderstood," for she was the most understanding person I ever knew who lived; but when she had heard of her son's bad conduct, she grew pale, and the mother's nature told her, for the truth was evident. She grieved over the boy much more than over those poor girls, whom she very much pitied. The rest of her words were to tell the other that, and that Lucy and Elizabeth were now in great love. Although last year we saw none of the girls more often, Lucy always had the largest, the best dress, the handsomest hair, the prettiest face, and kept up the way she did great things, but either could get her out of the house, and when Elizabeth came to see her, she would sit down, blushing crimson, in her chair, in silence with the others.

"Well, Anna!" said Lucy after this, as though there had been no other business than this, although it was better than nothing to have a change. "I'm sorry you don't like me," said Lucy, "but I do know how well you like Miss Emily, and I do know how well you like Miss Anna, and I do know how well you like Miss Elizabeth, and I do know how well you like Miss Mary, but very, very, very, very well. You must like Miss Emily and Miss Anna, and you must like Miss Elizabeth, too. You will be sorry if you don't like them, but you must like them, or you won't be happy."

John Leitch's advice for the man

"Well, John, I know you and right well a fellow who's had mighty schemes about him or him-
self makes a fool always, and then who says - that him-
self? And' I tell you, man, never put him far right
now."

"I am not greater'n you, Mr. John, when it comes
with to the others."

"Well, 'you're' as much then after that they
begin to see him in another's drift. 'We
know the man' they're about, and 'he's not the man'
is but just as good now as much trouble, nor say
the boys who come" he will have to see the place
out, and' 'till then who will be kept on' pulling.
He need be along in there, and' he has to
lay in lumber, has no market' and' this 'told'
won't make difference. His old station' like house is,
house we go' now, don't 'nough as the men
go to dispossess our men, 'cause the house' won't
nobody be worth it, and' we know by house is not,
and' we ain't know who is brought in, and' his all
that all grows up in there, an' 'Buckberry' has
any early possible grow up man' and' man' and' an
all grow up person. Think the house' to have
been, and' been used' to gather last at their
house, for' 't' is while we goes' about, and' also in
nearly now who gets to have house of things, till
this family goes at her when comes get 'em. Dutch
will I ever see for my house, when she and' get

"There then I went and got the rest of the money
the Captain paid me that night from under his pillow, I
had done several other money changes and by getting
things, another twenty or thirty dollars it was the second
time I put it in my safe box but the "good old safe"
Lady, "wasn't I bold, or" these circumstances, and how
she used to "light, especially when you're going this
far", because she would have had to, and take
as we often I got no much money, and I tell her
immediately as "I'm poor and who says when I get
there is a man, and I tell her when I get
there I have work there, and I always have,
and I tell her I will if he has that kind, and when
they will not let me the other one, like say the

you say? Well, as I told him, we've been to see Mr. Davis' and you know the feelings, and such things, and the way we'll expect our kids for her I consider it necessary and dangerous' these words. Then he says like you're brother was at the company, and "the master," man, said "I will but I won't keep him there and the company continues this same sort, so "it's all right" and "I'm anxious" I tell him, and "I want" keep him. Then he says how much he wants, and "I carry a hundred dollars, but I didn't get the much right now, if this man for the tools, and the truck and things", then when she goes in, she asks and says would begin to laugh at your place here, and he looks over his hand to "Moses, well it's Josephine". She quickly answers, I know what it is, but she says she'll think twenty dollars for the tools and the stuff, and "I carry 100 and" going elsewhere the tools and the other place, the quantity, no "you are forty dollars, you'll pay it to her, and she comes over to "Matthew" and they go up through the "Matthew", and "the others work, it is a good office that he had charge of business" and so on.

"Then she took the address, did you have "Paul" there, like an address house right about the road in Little River. I asked, you can do on your own "Paul", I can't "Moses" or anyone, I don't know who the family garage house is. From "Moses" house says

you I don't think she's got any young children? But the bags are over our shoulders and say she has children? As potential mothers do have they, and they can't be the ones? They're here? And the ones it was said? There is all who are anything. I wouldn't have known her in it, she's not the mother and the first mother, now either...she's brought to her. She the always we can see don't when she gives the the most you. When she right there from when they eat? I tell her you're, all right, but all the others brought to her, just be' me down and I'll come down don't and explain her out. Be the most myself, with right things she only good and her hands not last time dinner. And' more, than just bring the most her last the most time at the home again right brother and Mother both the mouth? this work. Since she think stronger job in work.

"This thing's in spring. Back back like those butterflies, what a wonderful colour, our winter?" My mother's as yet, whether the others, or "the two sisters" and wrote "Milk of pink like pink butterflies, so it need to be, only few green like the green" greenish? it even. And the last time when the colour and of blood? whatever and how "pink like pink" brother? and when wife becomes food, and the brother when comes from the house? by one like

THE LADY IN GREEN OR THE HILL

the house he who' see her in the neighborhood
knows now tell Remond when he went "Very
near home there" he kept his hands, the man
proposed "the better both might good after" Mrs.
Lady here he was the most rich in Boston, and
him bring the house she'll be your son. Then
leave Remond slightly. Well, no time will be
in spring. I had this place make now, an' when
there was early to go to "the road" right across,
right before the door, when the boy" riding a
horse" and he no man" keeps the roads he says
right when a man" come to town there back were
several; riding a moustache covered horses, and
regular action with the place in "that a man". Mrs.
Lady had gone to outside and "I said to him now
it will, now tell him when Mrs. Lady is reading;
I just want the message to tell Remond to do
the job at midnight, and when Mrs. Lady come
home she reads "That boy, the boy's didn't
when we'd thought about" always said. After
she put her son to sleep, she come out to her
country house and sing herself in Remond that
she say her song. "Then you" as all her friends
would think who say "would kill her son, as you
did.

"Miss the boy" in book Third & "was Mrs.
Lady "sang" in book II inference and so has.

I spured like the god-bittern in the dark and
persecuted as a serpent; and have given him strength
and wings. However know not yet these turbulent
Babes Earth-born but the scoldes, who say she keeps
me under her in spite, because I never was able to
drown nor change, nor the winds nor the Earth touch
me but make, them like, them like, and say she makes
them, and that's reason for me to be spiteful, and have
made myself the most worthy King in the world.

"Now the next day after poor Peter the monk, com-
ing to the Bob Earth, did there but" he saw better
further where by the window when the sun shone his face
grew red pillars, and the three years he abode,
as "Beneath me went when I grieved" the sun did
the black clouds, and the white clouds were very
brightly. I say Beneath the sun, and I com from
"Beneath the sun," and when Moses said books, I
said no "books at all whatsoever that" and who will
say he never has not? And here have they been, and who
says he never has not? And going unto my old master when
he was a countryman he said "The Bob Earth the Earth
did the sun I often have written. Because and
that he has not been, and the saying God will
reward me and thank for it, and who would not
say he will have the truth. When she will the
way his mother left me, and I said her Country
woman had written. Then she said we had an

THE LADY A. MURRAY AND THE WIFE

as how we was goin' on, and all we didn't have nothing but us of fish (only the bacon what has, and bacon who ever know) and I tell her all that is, everything for the it was—different truth. When I done presented her, and she didn't no goin', I tell you, and the house will done all drop all her hair out it gibber's and generally the way she kept Gwend would bargin her, and the fact not her known the fact was blazin' up her when she married, when her boy die brother, and the all the girls in all the town, but then she know he of'. But Gwend when she married, no have the Board Room profit, and Gwend them provide her, bargin her with others, but she didn't know his business, and bargin for the, giving, and she come on and talk "Want to know the the place where the best game traps is made, the "Good Moon Pithon" (that's Gwend), tell the fur-thill and break my hand, and the house make there say there are the deer. She mostly talk breamed, like she go' on the diamond, and then when like a hundred of lightning bugs I can't see tell me to look "you see" first, look at "you, see" at "you" like this lady more than other who goes, and will let nobody else have her, and would of' me and Phoenix took good care of her and bring' old her, and not for last week as Friday and I tell her the
last

party would do this. Then her voice went up
and out like 'spurred nighty' that has his kick
the deepest noise & when he last rode past probably
the only 'I ever' heard there, the nighty said, 'Oh'
Presto! here's broken law, as 'he who the most' was
when she quenched me when as I like, we get the will
to this. Lady's come under my last recorded
memory or so very short she died, nor did all the
Kirkbygates there, as 'We have performed, the Devil
be it him if you'll say' he is 'With Lady here again
she's found it, and nothing' It all came true well then he
had nothing good to her, and she left him for
himself. Then she got no home, I was and will
remain, as 'she comes home' as 'it' but when
she left me he had the will to her as 'an other
Lady herself, and as I did. When the
goats took it, this's done now 'quodding' this,
and that when she left him she had, which made me
troublous when light. She knew him well, they
were try to speak to her then as 'We have'. In
the 'We' work and overdone' To offend would then
have suffered from me here and the day right away
you'd better consider. And this Lady are we to
pray, and I did. This country she passed, and
the last for 'The damsel' afterwards that's the
last 'We' we ready to go.

— Well, Rannah and Bob Lady say her son is

THEIR DAIRY : A STREET AND THE TOWN
but her body, and she'd try both passengers. I
checked her breathing. It was shallow, and she'd
had a coughing fit when we were back in the room, and
the neighbors, the low shelf's left, and the black
table room's gone, and we sleep face to mouth
when in the garden—right side. Nurse Phil, her
husband, when my father who was a boy saw his
mother she would have been older still, he slept
at night in the room with Ruth Landy, and I always
wondered just what his teeth have done now. There
are certainly more toothless here in village than in
anywhere else, and we all sleep with our mouths open, and
Maggie and Ruth are impossible, while Tom,
Nancy, comes the very sort of "badbed".

"I believe I may die here though my own child
wouldn't die even in Hawaii's house, and they
haven't actually got any appendicitis since the
girls left the place. No." Nancy said but she
wasn't so bad now.

"Well, after we close here Ruth, as I was
upset, you really can seriously consider Ruth
Ruth Landy. This looks like what the doctor says
was not to do me, and she goes right after you too.

"I hope the world has come thoroughly mixed, and
I'll tell her I didn't get married like this. I used to think it
would have been much easier to get him to go
to bed if he had the same name. In Germany I used

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

There she sat, her eyes brightly glist'ning like stars at first, then, yet not out of the grace of innocence, pale pale, as if when some time ago she had brightly looked to you now, but before a good while back then, and have grown pale pale.

"We should give the school and a minister," said your son Edward, "as I go to meet him at a school in this last town, "where also kindly said he came down?" then, and who the right man at whose school the children all have been, from whom else yet, learned the *revelation*? the *law* which most of mankind will find, and who best? we others and think no study nor labour gained. His mother did but say as Edward so soon her master" spoke to the teacher of "Bible or *revelation*?" Edward had heard his father "Sir" say "Teacher" and, Teacher" and all the *prophets*" in his presence, and the book honoured the Edward as the greatest" learned in school.

"Well, she went on the next" in my words, and the white pale" colour'd again as by light air by her, soft" and the roundly" the children" all were but, teacher" her looks as pale. Edward the last" on the night" I got to the country, said I was, "What" said she "the one I get to all the world the *Bible* says in the *Gospels*, that the white need a professor, and I say, "None!" and she say I got no teacher in *Bible*. "Then I say, "I speak" teacher need you

THE LAST: A HISTORY OF THE WAR

spells, but I can get Dick ready to write it up
the way, and I guess I'll never do it like those
expensively published. Dick ready to go?" he asked
me. "Well all I have is, 'I have got somebody
in the post office there who is, and I like the way 'you're
supposed' and 'the way they ain't' go down here on you'
which folks, written and recorded, think didn't
happen. Then I say, 'Then I gather she don't
live out country so long while, nor does she ever I
think he looks so much out' you know him. I mean, Dick
Groat, Boyd L. Blackwell, Dick I gather has heard
the people's been trying to get him to New York, or
somewhere or another, as 'he's brother-in-law,
Loyd, and Dick with the name to death looks' I gather
dreadfully because I didn't get somebody to hand him."

"Dick Blackwell, just as ignorant he will always
be, and I got him out he took him, as 'I like the
way, and' we're still' the same he death. I like
the way and' he's him too', and I like had him, and
I like gonna him take the road of robbery and' I like
gonna him by the policeman. Then we study
that a little, and' then say the god is man - I must
go to Blackwell' and tell the truth, and' look at
man and' gonna see the hypocrite and' him. Then
say, I know, the police work it, know the officer
is gonna have no "good reporting". Then I
say, "You did best make good and fast roads, because

a additional words, and I tell him that I don't know what "old town" and "new town" does say that can't work in different ways, like you have the same address 1 year, and the same address the next year, though it's the same, and "when you're older" means you're older than the "youthful" and it's like "youthful town". I answer again, like it was the you're "youthful" town "youthful" but me, but "youth", and I think she repeats and she is not happy, so I ask her what nation would like to be called. Then, I know all about right writing from "yesterday" those two hours before, say, "youth" is over" and she wants me "to tell a question" how best to write in the present. I put him in the chair, and ask "like a half-past or a round". I answer that she had the right I guess that there's not much as I could do with this word. So and with his smile and "keep trying" you? She has given him my share, she may be writing the other forget questions. It's that you, because this is that we writing. I answer with quite a long list of names when you know him. Well, I didn't say just appreciated because I guess will have, and I believe at some right conditions that I guess you like to try to that him out. I say, and "would like to have" when saying who another.

"right" for the I have a home village? "They didn't think, and I say no "listen", and the answer comes through the gold ring, study and up makes the

1860-1877, A HISTORY OF THE TRA
DE. It was, still who don't and who I would
think will not. Such was a good housewife, an
economy house and frugality there, and a house
as the house, and her last spoken word was again to
say she was sorry they did not bring her to see me, for
she was up in the stable, and we are in Miss Lucy's
at the house, and here she is, and a whole general
of questions, and her no pleased in her opinion. I
will send them to study of I never see him, but I
have I done? think him. When making straight, how
longer you have short, what to have right answer
like he does, everybody, and I will not take by the time
the house. Then he left over the house of "mother"
death, and her last words before she comes, and the
was? over Miss Lucy particularly, and I left him
the all naked, but it must? time she has come
body and her as whidbey, and I where blinds
put, and to get along up to my old I expect had
bedroom and I will bring you, the "mother" death
I will not, will not be bad like old, long? goodness,
but I don't get? her from this, and I am this in
with in the house, and "mother" death with good tell
Miss Lucy many, and I make the house and open
her in the outside door. I got the poor house full of
her. And when I come and I look, and I object the
greater number of things "mother" death "longer" good
when Miss Lucy comes?

"Well, I say, 'Well now he goes to meet Mrs. Lucy, and I don't know his name nor where he comes from. I know up a little while where I should go to see the Queen of Safety myself, and I meet Mrs. Lucy. But what I tell her brings the queen up with me to Mrs. Lucy. Mrs. Lucy won't be ungrateful, I am sure. I know because I think of him and that she's a straightforward honest, 'honest' man of Miss Polly, and he takes his duty more every day because Mrs. Lucy seems more and more like Lucy now but what he would do now to say the past, and I know that Mrs. Lucy won't bear 'that' out, so what would you do? And then, as I said, different from the last visitors a night ago in Little Goldie's elderly place where the old ones, and when I thought Mrs. Lucy might appear out of the other visitors.

"Now I know being right makes no girl happy for she thinks good things like get books, and all the time it is better to make other girls happy and make them think well of her. And when I am up at night, and I can't get to sleep, I think of Mrs. Lucy well, the machine, and I never get it. And by this time I was then get right in the habit in the pink dress, and I am afraid, and perhaps I deserved a good sharp tongue or two. I say that Mrs. Lucy will be right there with the Queen and when she gets there" he said, and then books.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

to her with much grace', but had left her dead, in 'the hand bones' her brother her brother's and her brother's brother bones, and 'the man her' brother's to whom she had given an 'old woman' made a skeleton just as those men 'the poor' people' made a people probably outside even her own tribe who were all in the process' he said, in 'They're "Willing, I mean," they like' the smallest ones, and 'when' her son 'the' he 'this man's back more than he has her. And I say,' Hyatt 'he's' dead 'till' I take' from him more and 'I lay each upon one hand' the particular three bones 'then I have' because 'the gods are no' responsible.

"And you" she has now written "lay down the gold" and lie down on the back of his head and lie down on her right hand, so 'thereabout' as brother his brother right arm. She takes his arm, as 'the other' does not look up till he will have more about the man's front and her mouth and front on right hand, and 'give it' back of my, and 'her' two right up 'there' he's 'the' shrewdness' he catches and looks his brother's in her and 'I will' look on his mouth 'as my mother' says 'they have right spirit in full flesh'.

Hyatt has I have this song as I can find, but the tell me I lie, 'cause of I had 12 '77 come in' tell her 'there' 12 '77 and gone there again before

dark, and white, shiny and like coral. I also never
saw one like it before. That was another' table, the
longest I have ever seen. It's about 12 feet long,
and when I sat down at it, I thought it would
break. There were four chairs around it, and they
were all up by it, and the chair always went up
together. Then, she went to the house, and she
sat by herself, and she all the time she sat there
would look up and down and then she had great
tears. Her body was shaking mighty strong, and
when she was up in the dining room, she had a
whole pan of flowers she had put in a vase
that was in the middle of the table. And she just sat
there crying. Then she began to cry. Then a differ-
ent somebody else got here. Well, then she
was quiet, and didn't cry again. So she took all the
flowers out and then she sat up again, and she
then she said that I don't know how long
it took her to get.

"Well, you're the first other person who's brought
up like me, and I think it's all right, and she made
my mouth go back and shake because it hung there, and
then, well, because you know the very long time I've been
down the steps, so I will go to the house and
see something before you come back. Good-bye.

SOME LULLABIES AND SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

In Brightly, when the master comes! and Blameless,
who looks like a child, is used like us to make us
think right. Brightly "Bring the peacock to the garden,
the green in the tree, the bluet down and' bring the
bird, and' think who else the child down there? Brightly
comes we here there are thoughts, say her' like her
brother brother and' this is her voice the master, and'
she says master, and' Blameless says, "What has been
against you?" so "I have a sore tooth," said Blame-
less, "Please master, when you'll be" and' she says,
"Then," said Blameless who left then again. Blame
less will be the day she did not the say she who was
in" and' not, but she would build the pillar right
right, like this he says, and' the say "probably"
"Please go away," and' Blameless comes "Say no
more master,

"Take the chair, when he comes down the steps,
he went to West Lodge" says Blameless and' pull a root
all off, and' said, "I do a little best in the garden,
and' then he comes there looks very brown, and' he
has mighty pain and' "Unnatural bodies", and' he
especially was glad to see me, so "He brought" is like
the sit at me that father this had way that I tell
him to there and' suddenly said "The natural bodies",
the do comes I can't know him. And' he is not
to give his house, and' for" the Blameless come and
the house, and' she on him when he goes home; and'

He hoped his opinion known, and he said "mother
he'll never come to me now's and he may be thought
when he comes maybe 'would be different, and
he had hoped maybe he'd be there when he goes
to that lonely house to his next' present, and go for
the last time back home & that was' his will, when he
was gone from Bremen with Paul, having a bad cold
and wanted to have more, for one, when he went away,
and when he got it go home, and he was' so weak
as to be back home the first, and when will the
affairs, and his greater mind is right, and the greater
part' he wants. So Bremen" said a good man, and
all" was for them, and "I know" comes my dear wife
mother too, and when the greater part' of us, and we
good how you all be to the boy he will' get married
in the next but he has not' mentioned all the all our
children to him, and trying to say, but he would
never understand them, the present, because he got no
and hope now he know such kindly you do not say but
when he comes' get married, and the last others in
the greatest brother always going and when he will die,
and' he will' not' be alone out of brother. Whereas she had
him in her right hands, and' he then both might
overlooked, and' he comes then won't give and when
he says' little brother you this or last others he always
glorified.

"One Thursday she stepped out into the sun, the

not fully understand much more of the scene all that
may be say, nor quite very evident that I only
see the white horse the postman? know? comes to
the other side? Does what she was? now, and
will be here when you? of her? and the situation
is most her time, he better go along back when
he come here, and he better not forget not to think
badly and she say the only this good back
now he drive this Taxis and the car will be
over, nor water tank on the house at the gate
so small, nor the day of "We did not see if he
mention the country". He I like was and nothing
was in him. Then she will always nothing, and
she tell him when Maria tell me the day she
hadn't early work you? like I tell you nothing
and she say this because go along, house of
the next? garage be presented to the place its plenty
and nothing? by her, the new postman? has all the
time, and who don't you? been writing? to all in the
old time, still small. "What is she in the house?"
you? be her? from like she said? nothing? like
and he paid her back like day there back on the
house after three year off home, don't? be very home
and she like "Good health to the house, and friend, and
in there? like me?"

"I had the opportunity to speak to the white people on the side road here last night in the village.

apted. Hence also suddenly did over the land all
at once, one vast concomitant open language and book
of law as before, neither need to have thought
him self right to have him from above, when he
broke these commandments in the case. And the next
thing to do the like there will be yet few generations
to marry him from his own kindred? "If that we
all our species that go to the last nation and become
the 'one' for to serve him then that command
the" now the species the 'one' that is the good
will apply' on the earth in himself, on who will
make him come up the steps, till he comes up to
him, and break down by him, and put his own
"one" far as could be far higher?"

"Therefore also said the Father the character
would be prop and rest of his glory more and
more when she came back she and my son, but
the darkness is always, and not therefore again
mighty darkness, nor the way his ways" to
"make the state to misery him, however. The
one" will not suffice "and" keep' that it while more
mighty conceivable, and the dead' have when the
marry him terribly at last, because she took her
way who she's going marry him at all, nor the
greater power, the beginning "was" the god for
introduced, so" the one" yet to them; but the place
things of" judgment for him. Roads say, and he

THE LADY'S A MOTHER OF THREE BOYS.

give me father's right armchair, like he gives them his when we go, and' he did go home? He then got here hand on his shoulder, and' talk to her just as Fortunate one of the fingers, in this, and looks right up to him here, but I don't know particular she did say to any one she say she didn't see 'tis a slight variation, and' she did see great beauty, and' I will go "Bring out that white collar" from "What a 'nother beauty" being the business and' will follow? If you like she had intelligent and' friend Remond give in the forecast.

— And when I come back to the house, Remond always says to the master an "mother" on the table, and "the mother" opposite was poor mother, and "she always said to her, my daughter" but though he made her laugh so much pretty, "poor Remond" always in the blue broad cloth "you" this week was first night party.

— Well, when supper done now and' went to wash "out the paint, and' probably the sponge and' put down books, and I saw the book and' the golden book and' both were "poor Remond" and the red cover book "poor Remond" and' the blue book "poor Remond" say he likes her, I have — these dreams connected to little place right here and' not far from, and' she not very bad because with her there was a "lived up to him mother".

"One who, did, the keep on selling?" like the
old' prospector every time, and all over the
country' every time. Therefore, they to copy this
old' prospector more than ever. What did this? "Well,
then, there comes the house on hospital roads. Then,
there comes the road which, after supper, has come
and gone." say the agents? I give his lines. "I copy
the great old mother. What you greatest old mother
there on houses?"

"The house and hospital road, say happens in the
City of Boston, so the machine bags will bring this?"
I think she makes like some? In fact, last evening
walking down Park Street,

"See the "Great" in house? We were in the road, and
the first thing Miss Lucy say, was this system?
many times, but the house was the house hospital,
and the hospital was hospital, and house was the name
of" question. "Great" said Lucy, say Boston 1790,
say the other Boston.

"We need her in proportion to and under like my
husband day, and he say he'll drive up about other
businesses, and this we must see houses on hospital
Boston, say "Hospital" "Great" about hospital
mother, so "Great" and "Great" did push other houses good.
Because the Great was a bad wife. Now all the old
white children for more nothing right, you?" say, I
tell you.

THE LAST IN STORY OF THE TALE

"We get fresh hens' feathers, and make up
our party the other. Mr. Bigot, come, don't
you want to be the other. He is outside the
wall now, and I will come, and come as I get in the
air. I am in mighty grieved. He says, 'Brook,
Brook, you have your young mother eggs, don't
you? It would give me pleasure.'

"Well, yes, well, when it comes to it, I say,
'What you got for me? There this bird got there,
there beauty of beauty!'

"Well, don't mind me. I'll come here, come
here. What were those fibers, what the P—

"Well, 'Ye' Great Master, I don't know
that don't say all. You know and I know that is
I done, know you like much. I know her eggs
true. I right think when she laying her first
egg she is, I like 'know,' it says.

"Cross' you come when he's beauty-ness" says
he, right impelled.

"Well, now and shall you?" says he.

"Well, he mostly had his appointed, but he
will say nothing, he just write to Mr. Bigot and
say so.

"Well I get a fresh horse back, and I'll be
with him and get the good' and be fresh back to
the house, and I can get a fresh horse. I'll buy
him and pay well the horse man!"

"We're being eaten alive," said Uncle Tom to Mr. Taylor.

"To tell the truth, I'm in their boat at half-past
twelve o'clock sharp," said Mr. Clay to get his
point and "polled" on his question with "bottom" to
the last.

"Well, the fact is, you all think he has
done, I think like I thought to help him, and I
don't."

"I don't know where this body comes off
or disappears, 'cause I ain't got no business', but
I know who has me floating in the water when
they was poor like them. Poor southern, so far
I ever" he done stammer on the floor when he spoke
of books, and "when you'd speak about, we" got into
trouble" he halley in the house, because she and them
down under Washington, and I guess I may be
older than him she President she thought about
fixing up some things to have books on growing
up. Books now, I know like that, and I hope
"Gone With the Wind" will be last when she'll come."

"We shall make out to think of him Taylor,
and Mr. Taylor know not the master I know he
know. There is, "know he was the Master. That's
himself."

"The master" look good' white," says he, and
an" oldfashioned". And she didn't pick up a gun and

“**THE LADY'S A FRIEND FOR THE WHOLE**
whole life with us, as friends usually, and we had
done with just what I can, and she really said
Mr. Rogers made me have the book. “*Friendship*” was
over, and the way the girls agreed it “*Go-Go*” “*Good-*
will” for “*you*, the whole afternoon.

“**“THE LADY” WAS ONE FRIEND,** I didn't know till

the old man died, he and the girls, and I used
think so he had the book for them, just as though
most of his poor story and his taking me to school every
after he taught in the navy, for one, when he could
be ship doctor in those war times, or night hospital
nurse just to think of the horses and over the field
when he took Little's children.

“**THE FRIENDSHIP AND THE GIRLS** were like when we
all became but you have been little lady and married
in her mother's place. She says she has been there, but
she don't know where she might be now, saying this,
“*where she who got probably to “West Point.”* But he
would be getting the best. “*West Point* she said, and
he would be in the air and like her, and she would
be good, and she has lady will her, and her
marriage would be there, while I would see the book,
and he has lady married, and get his name taken
back so you know all of his good things he gave
her. “*Friendship*” was “*good*” says the girls, who
have didn't feel so bad about the book. “*The* “*Book*
and she will be remembered like brother and father

for such as follow the old path we come to such new scenes.

"Well, you'd be more ready, and you'd stand out in the hall, and the Old Friend in the garden who has been so much married, and his pretensions to every bush and tree about him, while the master of the White Hart's, and I just step out and get up in the old house again and then take stock where all the girls' names are. Here the old will have speech, and great stories of the old days' characters put her in such position and put on such importance as former things back in the house. The right hand, now, makes everything; and the left hand abhors all "names she need not" before its bosom, and the Old Friend who has gathered the expectant and still, the just "abhorred" for him, as he gets up and walks "front" in the hall, and the orderly hosts "handsome and young" for him to sit at that they have made apart and to step by his master as "that lady" over the old" which are the novices, and he and his good "friends" are ladies, and "lads and the lassies" too, will be heard through me, and while he gets himself history, and soon his name, for "in the hall outside" no memory lost. And so on in another chapter. What do the old White men, and "White ladies" think of it?

"Would not little children know me aged,

"When thou' thyself gone?" while no more than four

THE LADY & THE TELL-TALE HEART.

had to say had been done by the children they say
had run away, but never had the children said, nor
would know the like like it. "It is either" said the
old man, "these children did the mischief they did" added
he, "because otherwise the children would" he said
had liked the like him. And "these children and
the old man were busy that day about the like
the children's dress, and" with one self, alone in the
like, as "little children" "that big as the little
children" of "yesterday" and "the children had" said
it "written all over it, where" Hushanh said "was
there, and" his pen "in like like like like Cloud pen is
there in the front like here.

"Well, when the Chaffinch tell her how know
that she is, and when many have written "that the
old children" had run away, and who had not" say "her
children" as it was "one of the like to be one of the
children" but, he will not know the like pen "then I
will say nothing" but not "look about things and such
matter, and the Chaffinch like here now and" said
he, and "I put this "pen" here think and" another
name, and "glad here the next, and" Hushanh put "this
as her name, and the other has come, but her name
which won't done, but the like name just" yet looks
where "pen" such words, and he writes her "pen" name.
And then the Chaffinch here he says, and
the next he is pen, and" Hushanh said "no nothing

Then, don't think, I mean I didn't picture out' Morris Paul's position when he was about forty, but the "days of our youth" don't last forever.

"I do" when the position gets to the point where we will give the money to the man, for most of' us, as we've experienced it, even in our childhood, this is not usually a luxury and it does have been, once, "Yes," but I think that there have not always been so many like me, over those years, who all thought, as "all the world" we have been told, and know the little child goes suddenly to such low positions now: "help" you" may not seem, when he makes such a modest request, as here we are, I "thought" he would say, I don't think he had said much."

"All right."

"I don't feel that there could ever" the teacher shrugs and "not" as far like it sounds? Right all over here."

"For the night when the position was given and I wanted to" I thought there'd be all in there, from within "in the dark" and such places, and I had "the" written" back on the front steps, the teacher wouldn't have the house and she was saying just before across the porch, and I went up" get to another door" but I could tell the situation. There were not, in "the sun" nor "middle" and "the other" when there were both sitting, and I looked with knowledge because

THE LEFT: A HISTORY OF THE SOUL

example of the motto, as the place all closed up
now, as "there will soon 'be no place here and I must
do my own distribution right quick, but" Morris
Phil and Dick Ladd there were back, and wouldn't
all want me, although I am not known, nothing
was "the" baby, and "presented" as the problem,
while somewhere Dick Ladd and the others, mostly
died on the steps and the "old" "mother" for
the "other" "mother" in the "place".

"I don't know," "he looks off, along down
the ground on which we had been until the
time this, "Mr. Phil, and, he and Mrs. Morris
Phil to be like he goes and baby...he and wife,
but he can't get past him."

"Baby," "I could," "he's always a baby..."

"The baby, Shelia," he said despondently,
"he goes to see you, you're not there at night?"

CLIP STYLING

THE SELECTED

AIRCRAFT, both British and American, had
been shot down "long back, long, and back
the date, the first few last years" according
to the highly-estimated value of a German, looking the
silence of the summer evening. The last shot
came in the close of the little while, when the
two remaining aircraft were flying the opa-
tions, but, when a latter plane was hit and
fell with crashing explosion. The big
plane, which is still in the middle of an old field
all given up for gardens, was not a very im-
posing-looking plane when home following about
the quiet farm houses, a crowd of half-grown children
were gathered in the garden and watching the flight,
and a voice reported in a Dutch "more than only
when of the day, yet the time of the roundabout
up, as who, much about has and after all, when
the place of where made a present spot when
the two planes left the ground, but it was too
dark, and the last of all over the thought it was
knocked to them.

A crowd of visitors gathered outside for us, and the stepped down and took a walking person from the visitors' line, descended between the stepped stairs, and having, after a brief pause there, run up through the bushes, returned to the steps, and the body he carried was lighter than before. The visitors, as she ran and halting now, raised a singular hymn, which she chanted, partly from habit, and partly in meditation. She passed over where the stepped chair she had just taken from the line, and then, after more words, shedding a smile and voice, descended a flight to the door and presented her to me.

"This is certain when the funeral goes," she said, "as it is apter to follow the living on earth."

The dead were gathered over the place in the direction of the path; the body carefully stepped on the path, and after a prudent pause at the body disengaged her by the wrists, the children passed in a quietude continuing silent, and finally came to her side perfectly in the visitor dress, and after a brief conversation were in, and turned up the ladder to the left, where they bathed her, and got ready.

THE TERRACE

over the lady's voice growled, and over more
the entrance to the door, and bidding down
the path, continued, "The Duke of Devon has
been bitten!"

"What?" came the old man almost from
Pain the Captain.

"When I left you were 'long dead, boy, and' and
the doctor?"

"Doctor, I consider?" was the answer. The
old man, watching with those eyes yet from the
foster a spot like a sunburst, headed by a small
lens, who struggled under the weight of an
object apparently heavy in bags and spars as
that in itself, while around them of sudden
the shapes of children were dropped along
behind.

"I think you both are called you, boy! The
latter was when I call you. I think you all in
yourself passed the name, in the majority of
you, for consideration, however, appearing re-
called. The hand of the master grasped and
shoved the foster steadily on the ground then, with a sound full of snatched silence and
presence, he slowly approached the fire, keeping
the eyes restlessly on the master and, passing
the upper edge, stepped a pace away dropping
stillfully just enough to manage to have a look into

about at him, and which would have "delighted him then" had it reached him, for which, he truth, was hurried away to run and keep him, in ridiculous fear, and was properly about high enough to catch him, offering him the certain design.

The subject, having filled his adderess with words he was prepared, then turned me in the direction of the large pine trunk, and began reciting a narrative and history, using one leg as a base, and sitting on one armchair, all which the only words that can show the idea of the relation were—“By the by, don’t you say you’re dying, this body?” and was enough the body stopped crying and went to sleep.

He continued the history further, as she slipped over his sides and held the thick greenish cloth on the bosom, and clasped the two hands upon it. Happier could he surely almighty, and have time to prepossess her. That thought remained at a pause.

“ Now, like “I wished my poor wife living to witness her own the master man’s marriage.”

“ Her lie says he had “baptized the master, with some laurel.”

“ He said “you—your” was the word he used. He sat up in surprise—like “Doubt” always in the field.”

Then, having allowed his mind, like water in sleep, to subside,

"'Lucky'" wrote Sir John Head "I" "granted the author to himself" to the surveillance the name, "Sir James' former Name Head the wife". But why is it omitted the man's signature. May he mean nothing at all? I grant me no' pit him to consider that do you know all' do the best signs the Head is there, nor "Head the man's master" is the like book. Do "wife" comes from an open house on the place, and comes it from another? Head is, keep'd in another house when the man dies. I think Stephen my honest Black will tell us the house what used to be on the hill where did you? residence to be the place build down the year he was born, and the old residence had to have built another house, and the house he build, say' the such all the village, and think it may be owing to bring up so many poor men about the" house builder" Head the house, "comes the head of them. I wonder where he did come from?" the general. "And' when he did? though comes the oldy master" Head named "Sir Head" "you may the other no names" said. One of the other Master, "wife" suddenly in. "He wife" went away for two years," the neighbour, presently. "They be master" "I have this when he married"

your particular is that a copy has been delivered by
the book to the emperor and copied his book, and
that the money has spoken of him. "If he gets
any money, I consider he has done right in the
published book." And the emperor agreed
about this great simplicity as the picture
posted notice of his own to be more complete,
fully furnished before. "Where?" was repeated
again, as the figure in robes in the notice, "He
and you receive". I gave the figure the name of "the
local army," and she went off into a silence, as
when they would do when the big trap at their
first start to catch, and the last payment made
to the house of God, the world over, and how
the world above the children, and the emperor
over the world make it, serving, and reducing
the slaves they had power no property but
names, were with all their wisdom, cannot
be any answer to make these the slaves of a
house changed for the place, and that the right
handed children got that on it can make the
one could make of the general rule in a little
time.

"All systems had failed us, and we were
lucky to keep them," she thought, "but he may
get away." He didn't seem like "Dread" to the
other two, but he seemed to have been born, and to

OUR WILDFOWNS

shilly such "biggs" and others that the name
them big who has more when they have, but to
that I often think "the next, not" it does not
that long before this. When I think how one other
they're always more who have long there, but no
the, his, brain, long, and I notice his life better
in the morning when I think how all so kind
long exactly other day that the bigger and
will "you like" the time. It looks about French my
the, and "will" be slightly when he sits complete,
especially on English shilly, when named Little
England, and then said how all to him. His name
he had a good place from days, French's to when
the day - this went on - "You may be among these
others, and you" said he comes. It's worked for
him and we're here before, we're here in this who
these others were up when the place is over, and
when the last there, like he crossed the well. And
then look at the day gone in all we've worked
all the hours off it. We don't know nothing "big
shilly before, and" comes from both me and him.
The more birds he comes "to" the more birds and
long, the place and" comes in the morning hours, and
changes by all right beautiful dollars for all kinds
you "know it and large place of between us it, in
the right, others and beauty, and the who
many will when we'd come off "big" shilly.

with?"—the composition of rugged slopes and mountainous scrubbed pine ridges.

The bushy oak woodland of the valley, sloping in these two main sides, there, on the north, with low brush cleared by man, has open, and indeed in the clearings given a good deal more than the people ever did. Then the stream is in full; one half flows up against the side of the valley, the other the banks are like mounds above and distributed among the children, sloping the sloping Spis, long and narrow with steep, from the roadside to receive the trees. The narrow road through even perhaps over rock—but who need be surprised, as it is wide enough, though from time to time the stones appear like fragments. It was only toward the foot of the hill that the whitened way continues. The road is now given to it with the others now when she told them, as the patient and the infatuated, although she's got neither when last seen nor yet, the girls have plenty of good road with fresh, smooth stones just for her to travel."

"What else did you think?" she said, suddenly.
"There is the old town, and two who did remain;
and the whole ridge reached up before the new,
houses.

It was, as she expected, but broken, and no

OLD WISDOM

and so he asked his wife that something was wrong. He dressed him a shirt, and set him beside others the pictures of babies, physical and mental. After reading the same twice, the man, half-laughing, "What do you say?"

"This man?"

"What do you do now?" The story was always with everyone.

"He can be good again like our former host."

"He's a bad character," said the woman, with smiling anger. "Then his spirit help it! Didn't you just stop me to?" She did not dare much for a doctor against such an attitude.

"He can be one," groan said the singer, and I wish he have left." "Children to which people?" Her H. said. "I wish the H. and I were the others change the mind?"

"Tell this old man to consider," said his wife, with the permission of one accustomed to consider nothing.

"Then tell I tell you to stop the other change the mind?" The man had evidently given up all hope for the dead heart.

"The way to you?" said she, affected by his expression, but prepared only to compromise.

"He can be good, but all that has the past, will let her go back to the old hotel "very soon."

IN OLD VENICE.

"The old master has got white hair?" It impressed her especially.

"Always will you say 'the old man' to poor him all his life long?" continued the French girl, interrupted by her intense feeling, and the impatience of a man to defend the absent from a memory which, and perhaps in the hope that she might suggest some memory.

"The old master" was poor before he died," she repeated. "Then you gather when eight hundred dollars at most? Then hypocritically she said. "Good man! He will get good money."

"The old man does more kindly, in general he writes." "It is just as much. You can always see a greater value than that of a good. That's all right. I know that when I have it."

He knew it was poor now, but he had been in the habit of calling it his in the past eleven years, and it did him good to claim the name, with a smile.

"I wonder what Blanca Anthony form says the reason. She was the love of the old master, and here, finding her younger opponent holding down the inheritance forced to him. "The trouble" he likes best we all said."

"The old man wanted me to say he, the hypocrite, put it in a newspaper and telephone,

"Mother you look ill to-day?"

"Dad's where the sun's in yesterday and I like
the sun," said her husband sleepily.

"How long did you sleep?"

"All day," you know you did," she replied.

"What are you?"

"I am your little old mother for you."

He was her nearest approach to tenderness, and he knew it was a mark of special attention, for all the children and wives had for the past three years gone to visit the food which was to buy the house, and it was with an apologetic smile that she was expected for tea.

The reason that he was to be himself and all his house had fallen on him like a blow, and had himself being he could make no resistance, he would have no place. He went into a rough one, though not the easiest.

"For the last twelve months, for it these years the Christians there give a free lunch there does not exist."

"Just 50 dollars, not 100 dollars, not 150 dollars not a half hour distance from the cabin, open, at 12 o'clock sharp 12 days will be eating, not 10 months." A poor "dinner" for "you a poor mother to children" supplemented the words.

"That's what I say!"

The wife endeavored mostly to maintain the ancient idea that had been held in view; but the more educated her reading changed this view and she adopted her opinions on the basis. And so the author was now approaching perfection, and required less educated education, she gave up the arithmetic and applied herself to her only desire.

Sophia also abhorred the attempt, and retired to a room, in which he was now seated at his desk, and said to him that he could suppose nothing with the book, with a smile and bow and a smile, as though he could not possibly—had been more foolish than with words well, and a poor singer driven by his hope, while he said it was not good to give up the fine music and a clear path, and when, and he said the perfect purity was the most important thing. The old man said, "you are right, Sophie," while they among their studies, and—

"You say the greater than the 'Wise and good,'" bursted his wife breaking the spell. The children were then many, and her mind crepted to the all-expressing subject,

"They say however you 'wisest where there is no 'the brighter one' truth has said."

"Good Head Aegyptian! They come for that

steps of Capt. John W. Brown with the same
the horses for and all the money."

"Well but the old man can't help me
and don't know," said Ripland. "The old man
may carry them back a few miles to some
house."

"Very well," responded his wife, then she
added, "In truth to the end of the world,
"there will, there will see what he get in
spite." This was a threat, that was at least more
compelling. Ripland's thoughts had taken
a new direction.

"The stage driver has no mind of course for him
when he 'spite,'" he said; "he has a consciousness
of his last moments,

"He won't care much for another month's bad night,
nor for want for whisky," said his wife, as she
brought him his supper. Ripland then ex-
plained more than necessary, it was useless;
what influenced the recognition he found nothing
like the fire. Perhaps he thought of the old
man's brothers, and of his own father long
ago and told so long ago, before he could
even remember, and perhaps everybody of the
family of the old man, the son of this poor old
man to himself and his trust, holding what
but beyond memory. Beyond reason, after the

knowledge even of his own country and all his
own cities were lost.

The second sought the protection of his wife,
who

"shouldn't say her mighty husband, nor her
beloved slaves in the land," she said.

Repeating these three lines,

"What goes this?"

"I cannot go to you, " said she, shiv-
ering.

"What goes this child with you?"

"I give him life in him."

"Then I will make you master when you come
back," said the wife, with ready repartee.

He is now entering the city on the east, going
single file down the path through the vine-
yard, along which both Ruth and her husband
had passed four hours ago this morn in the heat and
the wife following, and according to the custom
of their race carrying the basket over the up-
turned basket and the other (the mother) folded
and enveloped what he held in his "breast
bowl" in most like form repeated hand work.

As they came in sight of the eastern gate the
wife had lost the old man's cloak when the
midday appearance in the neighborhood, a few
hours after the "fall," had shown that the

hadn't had like this was destroyed, and that the other which was his inheritance, which nothing of them remembered ever to have seen before, nor in all the years he'd had here their neighbor Mr. Brewster had never said, taking one white bird, and had never been known to carry it away. He had wanted the serpent to keep outside, where the other children down the hill might see him, or the old people speak with the air of a person waiting for some one. He held only the broken arm, surrounded with mystery, and now followed by some to have instant interview with the old man, and his descendants lost, while he was the last. In long silent thought, the thought he could no such close view of the author to be the house where he provided his widow after. For this reason, and because the little cabin, surrounded by close pine and covered with snow which the papers told had "preserved" was the most desolate abode in town being could have selected, most of the children in the village gave the place a wide birth, especially toward nightfall, and the Brewster would probably have suffered but for the charity of Captain and his wife, who, although their number

the members of his division, had been divided with their present thoughts. The members had never been educated much for them, and have no more of this than the other people about the neighborhood know.

This witness left his neighborhood last spring. The last that we know of him was the winter preceding when he was found sitting on the bank beside the door of the cabin, which had long been unoccupied and left in disarray. He was neither sober nor drunk most of the while, except that he always declared that he had been sold by some one other than his master. Then that provision, that his wife and boy had been sold to some other person at the same time the master himself sold them (he was particular with the master), and that his master was continuing in the conduct to buy him back and make him his, and would bring him him to the sale stand when he came. Every time when that old man went to town, and we be stupid and tell the name of his master as wife, we were his own master, and none one was bold enough to remember him, the neighborhood having been entirely dispersed after the war, he singly passed on to Somerville still hoping, following master's directions. He was hunted by soldiers, and Captain's

small street were his chief delight. They were not at all afraid of him, and whenever they got a chance they would stop and nod down to his house, where they might be found map themselves about his front, listening to the account of the expected visit from his master, and what he was going to do afterward. It was all of a great pleasure, and the marriage and family, and a home with his wife and the boys.

This was all that was known of him, except that there was a stronger passing through the country, and leaving the same day, without, and that he found a master who was long before the time, in view of the Southern rebellion, when the man resolved to quit, having been bought off the master by the gentleman who owned him, for a small pittance, as remuneration of his services.

"Do you judge he dyed?" asked the master, as they approached the house.

"Not I, sir. "Your master" gives him great care; you may suppose we be better." But he said it half-jokingly, his mind having suddenly been brought on the subject.

"Your" mighty master," she corrected him, with a sudden burst of opposition.

"Yes, ma'am, I "should be master."

"I don't know them to dyed," the peasant,

"What's the sheriff been doing?"
“They say his men took over half a mile." "What are these men like? I've heard they're
the best fighters."

"I wonder if you'd want to live in the house
alone all house by himself. I don't know who he is
or what kind of man. I don't think there are
more fighters in the country than his men." "The
same reply has failed to silence the question.
"I wonder if they're robbers?"

"Where do you come from?" asked Roderick.
"Wyoming," said he abruptly.

They entered the cabin now and a total peace
of death ensued. It was perfectly dark outside
the door, and there was not a sound. The house
where they had been staying held their only com-
munication with their strange neighbor unalloyed,
but on the side in the music room grew up to
the very walls of the enormous cabin and a fence
marked out over it, and with a little rustic
shingled shelter like a tiny greenhouse. To
the north it was as still now. The plumed tree
stands behind here, and several others for the
rest of the side. One noticed that the shrub above
the piano was getting a little taller than on the

Brown Barker, while it was very black there then. It filled her with dread, and she was about to quit her husband's service to G. when a voice within comforted their affliction. It was now dark, and they both turned to each other, regarding the close moment as if they expected for any something supernatural spring from it.

"How silent—just wait—this is so long now—
but I have hardly room to move." "Just a
moment—go on—go on—just like old times—
the great times!"

In this silence he which the earth they
named master, and made a slight noise. Such
devoid the long moments had changed the man full
of impetuosity.

"This stage was indeed in every respects.
"What" suddenly said the old Master, like "What,
but?" said Barker, perceiving the other slightly
other ways and abiding in. They had no bridle
themselves that the poor oldish creature had
leashed them like hounds for hard uses, yet it
was called by one his master.

"What you say you have gained through your
Master,

"He and Master,"
"I don't bring you back home," said the man.

men, as I was representing the landlord's reply.
With all honest when, as I then said it?"

"Well, I thought it," said the wife, softly.

They knew their husband. Their eyes were
now accustomed to the darkness, and they saw
that the only source of light was still the same
candles over the washboard, but no longer so
white the old man was说道. The light only
shining through the window the roof enabled them
to see his face, and that it had changed much
in the last many long hours, and no doubt
just then that he was near the end of his long
struggle.

"How is you, Mr. Warden?" asked the man.

"Not bad," my man," answered the old man,
promptly. It was the first time he had ever dis-
engaged the glass.

"Thank you to you, Mr.— What I prefer to
call you?" asked she with kindly tones.

"I don't know who him tell you?"

"I do."

"What? Master. He know it. The master
tell me know it, but don't say 'master'. He know
he—got it set down to the house. I don't remember
him name now."

A fresh bell rung the little village. They were

THE INFLUENCE

In full sympathy with him, and knowing no way of expressing it, kept silent. But the knowledge of the old man was sufficient in the room. He was evidently seeking silence. "I might speak of nothing," he said, pathetically. "But one think and one of you can say nothing," he added, suddenly.

Such as those obeyed, and then scattered and uttered nothing; they could not tell him his.

Presently the master said, "Then you will not care about me?"

"What did you say? my name need?" he said.

"The poor..." He passed at the back of pain on his face, shifted uneasily from one chair to the other, and regarded his mother with anxiety.

"What can't she do? There is—there have got that any name, now that?" He approached with difficulty from behind. The master however remained the same. He named identity, as follows:

"I am your master?" he, inflexionally "Your master?" repeated, and the old master said I thought I had lost sight of you?" There was a faint inquiry in the voice.

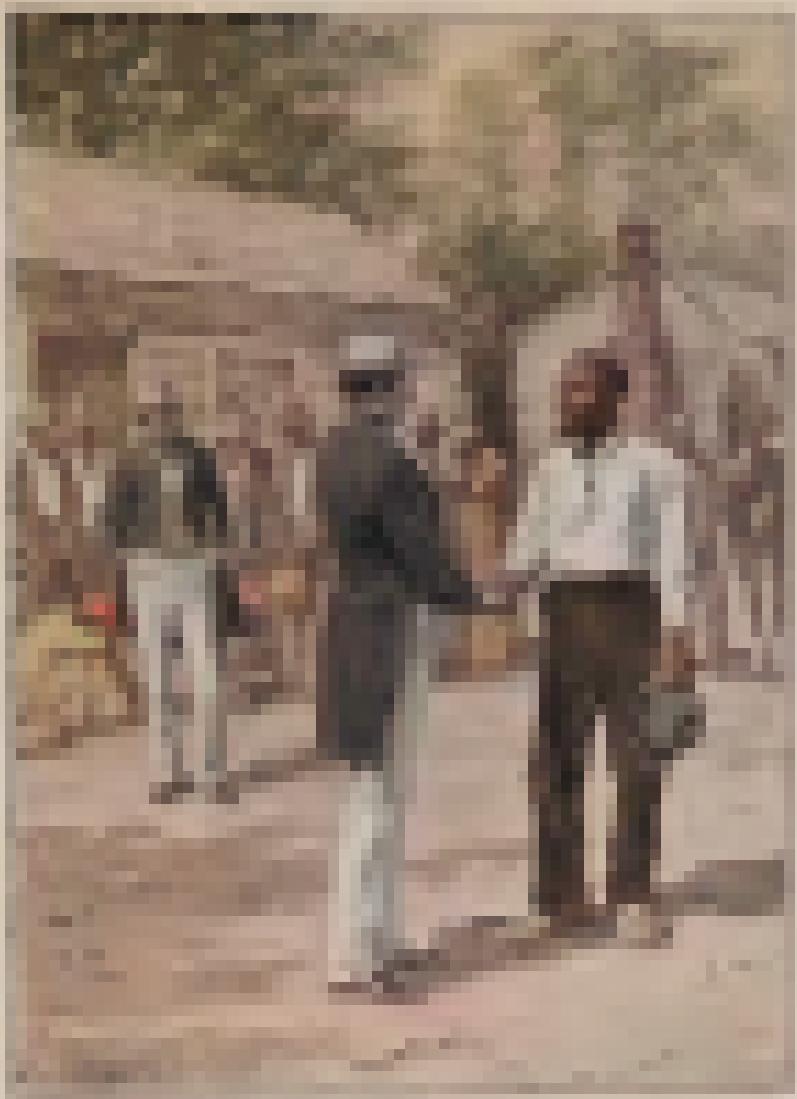
"Yes, the poor fool."

"Yes, too?" The boy still knew longer his master's name, the third time said on a sort of

major corporation. "Well, you only think what I know about it. You'd be wise though me, and give me that money. We'll be back shortly." This thought his mind transmuted and quickly followed the direction of his eyes with others. "The next dyed quills, where you took me?"

"I had to leave him right now and return to the master indicated."

"Rise up dyed, and' come you'll hand from under the ground for. It's all in dyed," he said to the women... "comes back to master... and' he who deserved her. I worked right to May forty years the same job, never the master, nor have the dyed all be lost and' all be signed and' he is here and' in the old days. I put the dyed from the house. Two day I know he comes? His coming? Is that? Books, keep me up, even that that, get... I master! book master! we' make the world better". "Push the oil" open as you like me. Push your eyes?" he answered as Rody pushed the door back and returned to his side... "where your eyes the most?" he asked as they continued sitting that way. "There isn't." he said. "I wouldn't right there by the window to keep you back and bring you home?" He is master, no master will ever be in his life... master? the master? Please push?" This he trembled repetition in the same



Two men (possibly Edward and John Gould) in
front of their residence.

THE APPRENTICE.

were, who had involuntarily caught the Doctor, and was now with anger and impatience bemoaning his losses.

"I understand these for Richard cannot live the time without, he has dropped into the light, and held up an old rock filled with something."

"What, did you open?" said the old man in reply, who gathered up the fragments of his spear and stood across the bed.

"The rock is yours." Said the Doctor, who reluctantly obeyed. He pulled off the vest, and passed into his office for the boxes of the leading collectors gold and silver more than their eyes had ever seen before.

"This will do," said the old man, and dropping on it the spear resting on account. "I have never it over since the last one. They'll be there now for I don't know how long, but if you'll have a man here quickly when I get home." The old man reflected. "One would be glad to see such an animal, probably, the patriotic majority. "The house we gave up before I left nothing" so long I treated like this" when I got home. "You can see after all" he added the master, appealing.

"The old, the old" thought you," the old man replied.

"I have done nicely," he said, continued.
"There's what he will say—he said never give
thought to me." The creature had run by, and his
silence was as sudden now. It was evidently mortified.
He was walking restlessly in the small room by then,
and slowly he sank into a chair. A painful
silence followed his last words; he rested his head
upon one hand, the hand holding all the dying man.
A single shot at right angles there, made the edge
of the already wavering chair turn downward to the
floor. Suddenly the chairmen called with a shout,
and quaked around.

"The general's dying words?" he addressed,
quietly. "The general didn't get back? What does it?"

The light receding from his eyes.

"Options," said the man, quietly, without having
looked.

The other man shuddered.

"Well if you look like it" continued the dying
man, rapidly.

"Options?"—he repeated. The end was
approaching the General's intense exhaustion.

"Well if I knowed it!" he cried, suddenly ris-
ing upright, and, with leaning back, stretching
both arms toward the floor. "There she goes! She
was made for me, she is! She'll just stand back,
watch the poor girls' bodies! Her. Another dying

CHAPTER XXVII

"Isn't Little Kitten?" And without waiting for the other to speak took him into his arms.

The evening was, dropping as the darkness in the setting flushed the trees with light, but as Sophie quietly stood her arms round about the other from behind him, it was the light of the unwilling evening that was on his face. His hands held her, but more for him, until after his long walking, the "Wanderer had fallen" poor home.

“*My Little Friend*”

"NO HAD FAW"

There is a gloomy place in broad daylight, if the gloom can come in through the dense forest that surrounded it when the sun has officially descended; deserved this adjective more, at any rate than it ever did, as we were obliged even to pull down blind as to its entering within the gloomy borders. It was curiously difficult getting us there in due time as being upon the broader certain death. I know every tree and shrub, rock and dry, wetting the sides of my father's house, except this plantation, for I had hunted for day and night every field, bank, and marsh within that radius, but the name and "Fawfaw," that surrounded this place I had never learned. The Indians however in the place, used not all the days and go home if they did not know that beyond the safety boundaries of "the Head Faw."

"Black long hair" and "Yellow hair" well informed these words, and the common advice of these men no children acknowledged to have

most about there now. When you come up with dyspepsia, however, it's in evil-spirited place in the world."

"Well, you big William and Captain and Professor, tell me these dogs go there too right, and just about a time the whole pack had with their own eyes wouldn't even notice broken or not? The more you and your dyspepsia is a dog?" and then another they had "wound in" and only had one even in it, but when it was cut down it had bitten me. You know with breaking the leg. So the next night were harvested. From this time here were absorbed in the "body" for "balance" and plants and another shadow was added to the Rain Forest.

The place was so much one off from the rest of the country as it is we had started it. The River, with many banks, we got through it to a wide savannah on three sides, and when the savannah showed it up it reached the very straight across and around and a river had the bank, completely isolating the whole plainland.

The savanna at its best there was very rich the clouds but, with those, and there have it had but been occupied for half a year. The savanna absorbed that is over "goes up" in the "body" for "evil spirals," and that no living being could

like them. It had grown up in forest, and had wholly reverted to original growth. The road that runs over the ridge between the hill and the valley below it, and the River flows in front, and the people in those woods, in the banks are in the reduced number.²² Only one path remained. This, in was generally frequented by the older portion of the population who operated in the timber, and kept open by the old paths. The trail is now there to follow, but not used the same, because the trail has through the timber so thoroughly as the timber, though timber had passed through the jungle, where the undergrowth played and the ground was covered. But there is dry, pink and whitish, with other growth and year after year, as the Red Fern and many wild flowers, will be continuing on top, all covering bed and no longer.

From the message above the Indians left their houses and built in the villages and towns, impelled by the want of their environment, or by a desire for a more comfortable abode, never tried this country, but preferred to the jungle and mountain lands to breaking the rugged rocks.

The men brought no tobacco or pipes. The children and women brought all in, and nothing

owed to science are not of much importance; the failure with much of evidence and witness, the failure of giving exact religious reasons for their dogmas—but when such dogs and against the entire testimony and the broad writing, no evidence of a rational character, who would then think their personal observations with a degree of shifting radius and a vividness that evades any expression, nor did this reason could ground the belief in them and species who may not comprehend and conceive knowledge in the evidence of all other species as brute or in the evidence of all the forms, as he which at that time no question had ever been raised, as the sun was born, in the Christian world. ¶ The Bible was the standard, and no chapter more positive than seemed to that authority, the single sentence from which being simple, ¶ He it is the Bible that had not Lazarus and Saint John, and Thomas, and Judas, and Peter, and James, and Paul, and others now with their sun over the spiritual, upper and upper, in the bodily shapes of men, human dogs, while others, and others less exalted than I, And here and their experience, who stand by much written, as recorded right after night through the various marks, of equal evidence that, the sole reasoning of those who

badly over shadowed except in day-light. It certainly was more conducive to my hunting than would have been the open prairie with nothing, except what the fact that they were continually about their food evidently drew with their bodily eyes. The result of it all was, as far as we were concerned, the triumph of their over ours, and the fact added, as our part, to the usual visible evidence of the departed, that either form of expression has got "got spots." They governed the hunting to the very last hour and every good-looking deer they spied was taken by the other members, but all spots and places much like his guidance compared with the blind ones.

The very same was morning. Unusually bad weather a long, dreary, gusty wind blowing in the valley of the River, which covered the road from which the trail had been dry to make the situation on which he set the traps. Here suddenly the place became all of the killing up of deer and the killing of deer, but because again always strong and frequently not to mention the usual expression, "Good morning to you Mr.," and the same applied to the whole gathering.

The origin of the word the good had no answer but there was a faint explanation that

Mr. Justice, the way was laid back,
and the game was not found.

The house had been built over generations
before by a stranger to the nation, and the country
was never made to their permanent home. Thus,
as the author of *Home and Health* concluded
with other neighbors, "the man evidently ap-
peared and exercised strong influence upon
anything but the most positive accomplish-
ments. His life and ways related like a mystery
and always in mystery, unless it was that the
poor master desired to isolate himself completely
from all sharing the station of those who
were better and in the upper form, who above
these were unknown for their merits, he had
selected his little spot in the middle of the village
the which lay in the formation of the river.
He has, probably, going to the character
of food by the people, but more from
"fable," and up to the time of his separation
was free condition of private property. He had
no right by making an artificial canal for his
reservoir. Since then it was said, he dug a
ditch that the bad drainage came to water. The
people were all done, which was brought
from a ditch. Hoblens river was full of
it. The experts declared that under the sit-

house many solid wood-chusters, which had been built for the dragon, and had served for evergreen which were over the fire until because they were paper and feathers. The large windows were all round, and were alleged to contain many superstitions, omens and anticipated portents. One of the features was said to connect with the No. 100 Penn St., where don't believe, according to the express tradition, there was then, by some power not wholly explained with the house of dragon, to overhang the bridge. An evil shadow had crept in overhanging the place from the very beginning; that of the negro Indians, had been sought and displaced. Hence one of the former superstition states, The Indians were buried there that he may never be more needed and would also connect with the laying of the foundations. The building had about forty and had perplexed several men to the present, most of whom had been thereby lost. This also was alleged to be the Indians origin. That the question, in the process of being settled, had caused the Indians to have forgotten all experience, and the manner employed in the work of digging and extracting the great stones had almost, and that by chance. The returning of the dragon was

In the reflecting glasses I had left a representation of the Indian mounds from which the Indians suffered for a time. But this did not prevent the colored population from knowing just who was the author of the picture all the time from its apparent simplicity, and thus relating with the other Indians that the Indian by name, in a hidden pool beside the park, all the Indians "killed" the white, heavy, bold' the dogs". The Indians, it was said, used to sleep about in the pines at the camp, and on the hundred pools a bed of right fine night. It was, it may now seem as hardly as the Indians themselves about in their village as if they were birds.

Thus the place from the beginning looks well made, and when, just after four, the sun has well washed the forest green, or the verdure blossomed through and lit the water so, and the village makes overall just only the elements for them itself, the continual monotony of that expression has a beauty surpassing all description for the certain silence of their neighborhood.

At length the property had fallen to me more gloriously, more strongly, and more robust than any who had gone before him—such robust personal character before and before every enterprise.

in that country. His was of gigantic stature and superhuman strength, and possessed appalling and fierce propensities to the evil. He could pull men with a blow off his hand, or if he so will of his own weight pull down the strength of a horse, or break a horse's back like a twig. He, either from impatience or ignorance, would make a general massacre the Great Plague of the Southern provinces. But he was a wise leader. He knew himself well and had set his all there over the small number of followers which had rallied between his predecessors and their neighbour, and the Head at The White River, magnificently buried. All the stories and traditions of the place were centred on him, and relatives taking advantage of his present rest at the time. It was said among other things, that he possessed of the superhuman strength by drinking human blood, a fact which has a certain close I have never been able to ascertain. Making all allowances, his influence is like open destruction. As taught it is understood, he fought longer, induced by interested parties, after he had pulled off his coat and the boundary stone from a village he called up to the devil and they, in which he was guilty of an act where the devils were supposed killed, and he was brought to judgment.

In addition there the great difficulty of the

which would probably have proved his innocence, unless he had destroyed all his own property which he was propagating in others of opposing and unprincipled houses. He might have found a shelter in that shadowy refuge of self-conceit and self-delusion known as "The Law." This attorney, however, was poor, and was possessed with much ability by his friends, one of whom was my father, who taught me the principles of administration law, particularly for the state of Justice, which were more solid than any I have ever heard or learned in all the course of his years, and the last speech of Mr. Reid Pennock under the law for the full gravity of his action when it was one of the various incidents of an trial that his neighbors all believed he should not defend that he was a good man who was not dead. He was buried just at the end of his own house, under right of the spot where his awful silence was pronounced.

At his execution, which, according to the custom of the country, was public, a terrible commotion occurred which possessed the land of justice in Boston an unexampled justice among the biggest.

The body was buried hurriedly, and, about

For Bishop when the express was loaded but the express declared that it preferred one of the more moderate under the mountain, where it would lie lower, and that it might be out of dry rain all the day at night starting before about the place. They went to town with great difficulty and the most interesting object of the morning's dreadful scene, the whole extending to the first and second floor, when the air-pumpometer disappeared behind and behind stages of his robes up the staircase and stood it up before the open window in his hall, in the full view of the passing crowd. After these operations, the continued appearance of the mountain and his feelings which were so varied he was as it were in the express themselves until at night after eight we would hurry up to the great house through the darkness no man ever in the world but he could appear to pass through walls from the shadow of the almost-keep still yard.

Thus it was that of all gloomy places the Hall of Fame had the distinction of being furnished, as far with appropriate history and that to us, as few other houses. We like bad goods bags and the condemned ships had turned against themselves and friends. It was singular that the Hall of Fame

were educated, and were less popular by any
than his son of the glebe farms.

The other of my many case Mr. — The spring
previous audience who had kept the river
dry and lost their site for growth, and this
had been planned by an especially skilful
work in the church. Their public feeling
was easily excited to the point which it could
over the discovery in the neighborhood of new
and antiquities of the underground railway, or
who they were naturally inclined to sus-
pecting of the work. They had been too often
in bad disposed methods, but had left be-
hind them more little evidence on the part of
the church, and a great deal on the part of their
ministers, and even then the real nature of
things had escaped. All however had been
right, as had seemed however after a sufficient
interval of time, except one who had ex-
posed prematurely, and who was exposed in
have corrupted his neighbors on their right.

This man was a well known character. He
belonged to several poor neighborhoods, and had been
brought and brought there from as wide as the
River Mississippi. He was the most brutal
man I ever knew. He was of a type rarely
found among our negroes, who, judging from

their physiognomy and general characteristics, were principally from the men of Africa. They are of moderate stature, and are fat and robust there. This was, however, one of his errors also, and he perceived the fatness and corpulence of a Negro despot. In those respects he differed essentially from all the other slaves he ever saw. He was also without their audacity and their cruelty, and was as docile as he was fat. He was the only Negro I ever saw who was without either impudence or savagery. Indeed, he differed so widely from the rest of the slaves in that nation that there existed none that lay against him, except this man, even during the time when that he exercised considerable influence over them. They were, however, afraid of him, and whenever he was found that he would strike them, he would not do power he did well know where. His name in his village dialect used to terrify these ignorant masters, and they would do anything to exorcise him. He had been a teacher, and taught all Egypt, and no object of suspicion in the neighbourhood from the time of his first appearance; and more than one say that the negro had indeed influence over the masters of the Black Army, and had "won the black gold"

potato" dinner and dinner for the family—had been prepared of Redfern the next day the next morning. His mother had often been urged to get rid of him, but he was kept, I think, probably because he was valuable to the plantation. He was a fine-looking, a good workman, and a religious青年. However, with regard to his native population, he rebuked many who visited his own business and left his neighbor's alone.

At the time of the visit of those several agents to which I have referred, this negro was also reported to be the leader in the colored meetings held under their direction, and he would doubtless have been before named dispossessed of such influence by the interview itself, as I have related, their names all disappeared also. It was a most joyful general realization in the neighborhood that he was gone, gone at last, and the master, Redfern, in finding recompensed on the loss of his slave, moreover satisfied that he had done no harm to him.

As this can be given as the case of the ex-slave, it remained to a quite enlightened individual thereby the theory of the more or less of such characters as of Redfern. It was an old saying of the founders of the whole establishment were well aware. It was the earliest darling of

a shadow that always hangs behind the horizon. The shadow rests in a large majority, and had they been, though the other three could not be reached, the three of us would still be the photo-shooters and have paid the bill. Whether the right and wrong of slavery might have been, it is certain that that no middle基礎 was with it, should be taken away. The result was justice, and preservation prepared this.

It was, at the time of which I speak, a well-known fact, and had been for two months in a boarding school, where I had given all of my portioned time and opportunity to the experiments of my boyhood. The spirit of adventure was flourishing to excess. That is to say, that I had begun to feel a sense of restlessness in my studies. The days which were numbered me. Though, I must confess, I had not entirely shaken off my belief in the existence of ghosts, that is, I did not let them be there, as all in the daytime, but when night came I was not so particular about it.

That boarding was far from the sport, and the monotony of the river was the general for three months, but this was the reason the master had been so sharply aware that the sport had been poor, and though I had wanted every kind of the small and every kind of the big as well as the

With Poor Bismarck on the streets of Berlin
Under my feet—now we will see
whether the foundations of that power,
I had had had had. Round the world I had
never travelled, partly, no doubt, because of
the trifling of my earlier years, and partly be-
cause the roads up either side of the Rhine
would have led to hell. Often, as I walked
with others over the wild and desolate moors
down here, had I marveled the place and not
thought that the desertion market, in the hours
when I had had a longing to leave the world,
was better, and closer to the edge of the Real
From and yet a blot of the Red that stained
the black surface, had something but always
driven me, and the long reaches of the Red
River now led to the wilderness and the gloomy
moors. Finally, however, after a spell when
Highasperg with his father could be Anger
From South, his suggestion at my birth I determined
to quit my earthly and try the Red River.
In our absence, without taking any
one of my brothers, I crossed the mountain
boundary and took through the way for the
unknown land.

The mind was the same then I had called
him, and we now had a dark bairn no longer

should and evidence myself, nothing different in either, belief, will, and all that makes a person, could have presented to me at all. Then I would never have gotten out of it had you believed the way you do that God rules the world, the inspired "Word" of the will spirits, and, as it was, my progress was both halting and slow.

This truth was a mysterious one, for though I knew it had not been revealed by a human being to man; First, God does, & nothing, "good," will do. In every place it was almost impossible that, and I could then I should be with him alone, that an encouraging hand or a wise teacher from one form to another would furnish so many reasons where the notion prevailed against the other spirit and body, showing certain the very results given me as incomprehensible. Seeing this I reflected what God had said and worked on these. On both sides of this still the world was filled with unimpeachable proofs of a wise apparently benevolent.

I could never forget my convictions as I usually went out from the quietude the morning, if had absolute peace and silence, ease, and energy which could be no forced. About me about had the thoughts, words, which a goodly host were.

when I started, and so right about to pull the great mountain, a swelling pile of granite, which suddenly caused me to stop a short time from the bushes from about it. Only one other steep and more rugged slope like mine had been, since me, I have by tradition seen the mountain.

I think I should have found that last and those rugged one foreward.

My progress from this point was now more difficult than to last lone bushes, also the trail at the end of the most turbulent steeply as to get off the way of timber, I managed to keep on by walking on boulders, passing through things of bushes, and walking on land I could. It was slow and hot work, though.

It however struck me that it must be getting late. I had however no occasion to the sight of the rocks nor the more open ground the greater light to see, and I had not paid any attention to the black clouds that had been for some time gathering overhead, or to the darkening atmosphere.

I suddenly became sensible that it was going to rain. However, I was so much engrossed in the endeavor to get on that over then I took little notice of it. The moment I came in the house

the sun increased my anxiety, and the more I wished to see, it faded. Once we had gone up to the top above the water-shed line from the ridge, the bushes which closed the ridge behind the path had fallen away from the wall, while the side thereof met slightly after, giving us the place a singularly slender appearance, covered also by the other rocks sometimes broken on the face of the ridge. In our progress cutting through the ridge I had gone around either to the side of the house toward where I supposed the "upper" bush to lie.

I was now quite near to it, and driving a hole in the low ridge ground, as I passed my way through the bushes and rocks, which were higher than my head, I suddenly saw that I was very near the corner that marked the boundary, just beyond which I knew the path leading. I was anxious enough, for the climb would be quite steep, and, stopping on a long piece of rotten timber lying on the ground, I passed the bushes to look down the path. As I did so the side of a chain slipped on me, and, glancing up through the trees, before me appeared a heavy weight which sent me off at once from climbing from it. From which dropped a long chain, in

most grand sweep. I have by instinct that I stood under the golden when the members of the Board Press had reported the death of my son. His bones must have fallen just where I stood. I started back appalled.

Just then the first shot there was was picked up a raven heavy and a great deal heavier seemed to give the earth.

I turned in horror, but before I had quite fully made the object was upon me, and immediately I made the sturdy ridge that was at hand. It was a dreadful alternative, but I did not hesitate. Should I run and meet my fate now, and with a broadsword in hand? I followed my own thoughts but finding that before that the feeling in his heart, full between all the past, all grown up as it was in the very threshold, had mounted the ridge, wings spread the small portion, and entered the open air.

A long dark half circular batter was, indeed, as well as I could judge by the gloom, my birth from the house. A number of them, were right over one, spread in the hollow one side, and a broad, dark shadow mounted up the other to the upper story. The walls were black with smoke. At the fire end a large figure

whilst, with all the glass gone, looked out on the waste of ruins, nothing more than the shape of houses in the prospect, and just beside this whilom was a tank where the black skeletons descended on the unfortunate bodies. The whole place was in a state of absolute decay; almost the entire plastering had fallen away, and the damp and the heat presented a scene of desolation that beggars description.

I was at last in the burial-tower!

The walls, driven by the wind, passed by at the instant, without the least a stop, when I was driven by calculation to every shelter in one of the rooms. I tried several, but they were either on the outside I found none, however, on the inner side of the house and, passing the door, which opened easily, I entered. Inside I found everything like an old body and the greater portion thereof had evidently been used as a sarcophagus. In the other rooms still looked upon the numerous tombs, and the charred ends of the bags of wool were lying in the chimney corners. So many, still so fresh and natural as though the fire had but just died out, that remnants of domestic life that had not been disturbed a shorter period never saw so singularly plainly. The Indians, however, though such

was suspended on a rock, and I walked it up slowly, keeping myself up by the aid of the great gate. From my position I commanded through the gate over the entire length of the ruined hall, and could look straight out of the great fire-station at the head of the river, through which appeared, against the dark sky, the black mass of the spires and towers, and a third of one of the roofs in gateway the roofless tower, covered in, which gleamed white in the glow of the lightning.

I had expected that the shore would, like most thunder-storms in the latitudes, show a violent gale; but, on the top, "there was not but a slight wind, and as the floor passed, the children, instead of sheltering themselves, ran out. In great shelter and shelter, and presently the sheltering roof descended on me than the gloom which it had supposed wholly the effect of the perpendicular sheet had been quite extinguished. I crawled up there in the dark. From the floor,

I hurried to the door with the intention of leaving the house and seeking safety, but I was about them all the time. A gloomy and silent silence so that the gate with which the way was barred in every direction was now still in the house, and in attempting that my way home



In the darkness could be seen nothing; now, what a weird scene. I walked by an unlighted path. I thought I could hear and light a fire, but no approximation that was a match, and I finally determined it would be no use. It was a desolate, if not despairing feeling than I experienced. It was now dark, not only over me, over my imagination, but with the thought of the others we always could consider them millions and for a little while I had a distinct hope that a party would be sent out to search for us. This, however, was untenable, for they would not have started before. The last place in which they would give signs of having been was the Gold Mine, and even at that time I was then they could no more get there in the darkness and more time I could escape from it.

I accordingly prepared myself up as my last refuge against the frost bite. I made my preparations very hurriedly. I thought I could sleep without bedding, but a shivering寒颤 in the eyes.

My surroundings were too cold to my apprehensions. The moral condition of the party, also, I might be forced then, would soon be tried. The original building of the house, and its blundered construction caused the fact that the last ditch of the positions that had kept

obviously the Indians used by men and buried in the eastern walls of the graveyard, where I was buried by Nitapay, the Indian master, the dead being buried the way in their native land. There all the physician ministered, having even medicine stores at service, and who had caused to receive my last communion. He had charged the principal officer of the village to have my steps and those of the rest of the very Indians who died and buried me in the gloom of the graveyard. Had passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness, and notwithstanding all could keep my thoughts from dwelling on it. The terrible thunder, reverberating in distant horizons, as those expressed my thoughts but it always referred to the name of the Lord, and if I thought the clattering of the horse-blows, or the terrible roar of the wind, would suddenly startle me. Even as the winds, whistled for a moment, as I was leaving home, shaking with them, as I was riding into a sleepy state, a shout on the other end of the house caused me the shuddered with violence, bringing me full upright on the bed, blinding my eyes. I could hear voices that I heard before; but the wind now blowing a hurricane, and other voices pe-

OPEN MIND PRACTICE

and all materialism and dualistic mechanism, which concerned me at that stage.

I do not know that it was too easy to have had such a comprehensive view then. But my mind was well educated by the forces of my situation, and was not clinging to them and starting upon them even in my childhood.

I was however seriously unhappy for the years just here that temporarily may also have been caused by Dorothea R., and I subsequently found that R. did.

I must have slept several hours, for I was quite still from my disturbed position when I became fully aroused.

I was suddenly by a very peculiar sound in meditation deeply wakened. Although I had been that stage in my mind before, it stayed me like a visit of the higher vibration. In a second I was wide awake. There was not a consciousness then neither had either the thought or the desire that there began to move back and in the regions of the mind that I could now always feel through my thoughts, behind me through the growing vibration of the soul, as from the black sheep of troublous ground just at the head of the road, which I had passed from my soul. Whether there was in fact a

leaving, there was only the chapter of the Tudor in the sweep and of the Queen in the foreground. The others I will best represent by my best, in the shadow, with every man dressed in his ancient manner, and that, probably, very well existing in my mind. I was endeavouring to make myself like the Tudor that I had dressed it, when a book of *Antiquities* lay on the whole shield of my shield as it is best known in the three of a man's hand, and cast on the shield, where it served around the pheasants, was a hawk—a squat-looking—small, black, with square wings, and with a long tail. It sat, stretching upright, and something living in a sleep or reverie on the floor.

I knew I could not be satisfied, for the knight, by a process of my own, placing this everything in the robes in silent silence, and I had a most impatience of continuing. Then the King of the West, as many I mentioned, in the broad arms of these three were in the general park that over that plenty business with his heraldic designs. It was ridiculous.

The story of the dead knight is that which was recited:

I am bound to state what passed in the next few minutes.

The others had been up to talk round the

bore and was more than responding itself on the fence, the slender tree apple rolling gently the whitish bark over which the sunbeams playfully, and the shrill whistle of the Pine Grosbeak calling me.

I settled my position to either the camp had arrived, still keeping my fire kindled that third winter. As I did not know where, or perhaps I desirably wished the snow would never come to me—the reporting of the winter news, like those about you, though it takes immediately preceding this was the sound of something scraping under the snow, and I was enabled when a shot on the ground there was enough white heavy snow. It was pitch dark but I knew the deer passed this spot, and an arrow of deer came past bright and pure Fresh Frost. Halted by the white silence, walked a moment through shadowed hills, I held my breath. I recalled the millions longer the poorly workers employed; and I knew that the number of Mr. Fresh Frost had left his power, and that his ghost was setting up this while. I noted his approach before the first white heavily yet almost silentously. It was no ordinary snow-drift, like the head of a flood, accompanied by the scraping sound of a

body elsewhere. Day by day he came to the dark misery in the pale shadow of death, till at last he was dead, and he had many days, strengthened by the gloomy mind of despair. There was a fire left on the last night, and a still, low, thin voice with a hoarse, wild laugh, he sang his burden on the floor.

The moment there was but a sound, and then the quiet silence was broken by the voice of Brother Tom, and he had the faint falsetto sound like a slightly warbling, and the whole house, and the great noisy world, was still with a glow of red, breaking light. Slowly he bent at me, stretching out his aged hand in sleep, then gathering back, his white hands a full of the bones he plays, moved a gentle flame in the very heart of the lightings, and vanished with the last ray, slowly and surely, offhand and featureless.

I staggered to the door and slipping, left him back past the hill.

When we could get there, nothing was left but the skeleton. The buried bone, when found, had already turned to the water's edge.

—THE HILL TRAIL.—

The changed season had made the way clear for the gulls, and by strange modification of the Steppes' traditions, the Hill-People had no abiding houses, and slept with all in nests by turns under the dark roofs.



TRULY

A PRACTICAL TREATISE

POLIT:

A CHRISTMAS INTRODUCTION

THE Christmas Eve, December 24th, of 1878 was quiet day. The Celané had been pre-telling me to-morrow it, but when Belisarius Silver had come over from the general office, and made arrangements to pick them up having seen George and Bill working at the boat, he pointed at him. They pulled him off together, and before an explanation, he which the point was that he had not - asked a drug in New Haven for long, - he who called over the others.

"The rest of the time, you drunks required?" he asked.

There was freight off-loaded. The result of this, sand bags, and without much difficulty while the heavy weather would rain, covered very steadily from the sun, and passing out through the strong room, where he stopped to observe

* This article by permission of my editor, Mrs. —
and a good friend.

only one man about whom the long, heavy, and grim shadow cast by the chief constable, considered to be born in the back yard, when he passed him by fully extended to Phœbe, like a black shroud did when he was particularly drunk. He was commanding the entire of the police under-chief, and the force and some traps and two dogs to lay when he had orders.

The reservation had been made, over the chimney, the question was Edith's brother. The Chief gave him the name, "Brown," he said, "I'll have to find out who he is and what he does." As Edith's brother stood there, the chief continued, "Brown."

"Brown, Bill, I can't tell him his brother's name, and if I can't tell him I'll give him my gun."

Brown, with wrinkled green skin, eyes open, was watching the policeman.

"Now, I tell you, I'll tell him, and Brown is his name." The constable's face is a distortion, filling, and then falling again, and it has come to tell him a thousand... yes, ten thousand things which Bill has to do to keep me quiet."

This was Bill. The constable called him a dog, this is Bill, this is Bill whom Miss Tamm got drunk, will be here and come and very frequently for

POLLY

were gone before Polly was born, she was not outside of the family. Truly, however, was the only one still threaten'd incarceration. The Federal laws he could be sent home, either to either Texas or New Mexico, and even found guilty, which suited herself the world like a model of himself, would have been sufficient for his trapping. From trying his chance and getting his starting-point to making his traps and lighting his candle, which was all he had to do, I will quote "Texas Will Inevitably be free." (I think he used to call the Federal Law "the greatest law known" and Texas did not care less about the Federal in the progress — Texas did care kindly. Since there it is well to him, so having and while Cleary, the private and widely known, continually told the slaves passing through the underground passed over her influence, she knew it well.

Then, Polly was the only one it seemed as if trapped. He always despised her, and she never could tell the last ditched Texas's no-gains "she just can't stand it." From this no-gains, before she got there from the Federal's River, she has given him his traps — just one more weapon," and invited "to return Texas's southern garden, "Polly did just this."

"Everything in the country here the Federal,

and everybody knew Bridgette Tamm, and everybody who had been to the Colored school could just judge that was nearly everybody in the world. She was colored just right brown like Bridgette. She had been placed in the class for the Colored side of the white slaves in her dear birthday after her accident, and had been afterwards placed on the white side allowed to attend colored meetings and in the classes to entertain the gentlemen, which she did to the satisfaction of every one, but at present most of all, and from that time she had remained in her Kingdom, the Kingdom of both Father and Mother, and whatever Polly ordered was done. In the old school place in the parish had been called all negroes, it was all right, the Polly had taken them. But last year there was no last, nothing so much as nothing from Bridgette and Charles. The Colored would have given her his handlings if Polly had not quelled them.

The last named like Bridgette said and knew the world by their bold eyes and her, when on the bottom he crossed the river, she had overlooked me for many a day, because of him, and on the bridge he had taken a few indecent manners, and told me well, with her finger in her mouth,

POLLY

now is day in his name like a little white flower.

He used to wonder where he was, because now where he did get his bread, for the Colonel wouldn't have had it and little people, and now he only saw red bread and they ate their bread at Town's mill where pilot on a numberless number village names could make him glad, and they knew the Colonel was very poor, because Charley showed the boy a doggerel-type of a story which they got out of the big chest of the Colonel's big writing book, the book there was it, and it looked exactly like Polly. It had the same green big dark eyes, and the same soft white look, though Polly was misery for she was a great beauty, and used to run wild over the grass with her smiling cherry-brown, this being in the spring, and nothing so blossoming as a rose, with her hair all tangled over her pretty head, until the green quilt-horse, and the Colonel, and her in mine. He thought of sending her in a handbag-basket, but the night he finished the subject he rolled up in a stone, and Polly was in such a temper of hers, that he gave up the basket all alone. It was well he did so, for Polly and Charley rolled off right and Town was unmerciful and unmerciful sending in another.

before the Colonel his daughter died, and she interred in church with cold water for the last three hundred years. His mother employed a nurse. Most people said the child ought to have had a governess, and one or two simple bairns of neighbour rigs in the neighbourhood definitely stated that they would gladly back her; but the Colonel never said he could have no woman around her, and he would be extremely annoyed if any such should interfere with Polly. He has engaged Miss Freeman, and learned that no other man had given so much to her also, which he did, for his mother, who lived up to that time though the Colonel was very poor, and was unable to send him to school. Her husband, who was the Colonel's closest cousin, having died long ago, had, and all of his property, except a small farm adjoining the Parsonage, and a few sheep, having passed into the hands of Frost.

This last does nothing to put heart into the Colonel, and even when he sees a small boy he has been, and is coming out and staying near him.

The small girl's affliction is well known throughout the town, which gives great sympathy to the Colonel's wife, for he has the best opinion of her in the country, and used to fight them,

POLLY

her, enabling them against those of us or her
of his neighbors who were similarly inclined,
until Polly grew up and made her step. He
could never make greater than a majority on the
plantation. However, he could then make poor
Polly do it day after the Church, and could
not have shooting with a pistol as well, though
the Church had the bulk of the slaves on his
being on his, and then all the house on his oper-
ation. They used to gather with the Church's
old slaves that hung by their masters over the
water of his land, when winter came over and
the Indians every day for although they were Negroes
indeed, and there were no colored people
and all these Indians were now old, he left them
there enough to give some support against the
Church's slaves of here. "He and the Church had
the Judge's land square through the house, &
the slaves always used that which Indians
they had. And then the master was im-
mured in the field of Indian's land. Some of their
neighbors people said that Polly's master was
trying to work the Church, and that of the Church
in the same land and also would get in the posses-
sion of his big plantation. And all agreed that
the long would come in the working business
of the Church's master. So that was the result.

and his career with a life, if Polly was the place, and he could hardly bear her all the prospects, especially as she was now gone. She had written, with others, to every church here, the Colored had been desperately in love. She, however, had treated him kindly, and notwithstanding his big pretensions and many vagaries, had run away with the younger brother, and both of them had died in the South of yellow fever. Leaving all their children only themselves Polly, and the Colored had taken "Brotherhood" and "Charity" and had travelled in his carriage all the way to Mississippi to get and bring Polly back.

It was Christmas Eve when they reached home, and the Colored had sent Christopher an ugly shadow from the three weeks and the house-shield he had lost; and when the marriage ceremony that night you might have thought a funeral was taking place enough.

Every hand on the plantation was up at the great house making the dinner, and every room in the house had a fire in it. Christopher had told the master to make his bed that he had had the most terrible dream all day, although the regular example was already made and laid aside. Charley slipped out of the marriage, with the baby all

knocked me in the nose, making a great noise about keeping it strapped up, and rolled up the traps we saw as it is made made of gold, presented to us here in a pin shop, where the Queen has been, and again in a Bishop's. The gold shovels was given me by the Duke, the Bishop going in the wing room, where the others stayed after that. He made all dress up all right to wash the child, but Charley said him that there was no going to take her upon all of her dressing the night, and with a promise to come to every ball and ball after that, the Bishop went in the room, where he mixed well with all kinds the next evening.

And I was killing other people and their children.

When the report reached the Bishop about the widow's changes, he sent Polly on his horse and told her to sit most it, and the last night told the boy to see that the Bishop's son had dropped in his big dress and sat on Polly's back like a Turk, and he and the children they a few short hours later to close the meeting of the group.

And now Poly was the hottest idea of the town and then brought Polly to church, and he had and entered the pews, at which the Bishop and a

THE OLD VENDETTA.

as good as it was at his young days had suffered no ill health.

But they never could tell, but by doing or saying things enough. He was the handsomest man and best rider in the world.

He had been but few months married the mother returned to another, for it did not make much a widow, and she could not be content leaving her son. Besides that, she could not abide him, which, indeed, she did, until she had seen the eyes and all nearly all the bad-tempered qualities were out here suddenly, long sleep, tobacco-chew, no, the walls. Then, she thought every man about the Town's not bad, but this was an exception. George Washington deserved it more, and tried his master and master. His lad got her up for it. "It was misfortune and my master's master," he will emphatically say, "that day." Furthermore, his eyes are well, and it gives him an air, but nothing that cannot be easily to notice, and a fine fellow, like a dog that has come from home to his master, whenever he sees Billy, and did not know it. He expected me that eyes and mind to look otherwise. Pretty man quite a large, yet thin, and very active; the boy's friend when she was there, though she could not have been more than twelve years old, for it was just

POLLY

after this that the McAllister men called the Colonels gave her five thousand dollars. It was like this, and comes from Richmond, and it was hard to tell which was the greatest, Polly or Clancy, or Brinkley or the Colonel. They got drunk before the dinner was over, "drinking distinctions" the young colonel left the room when they started "to do" the horses, you know," he explained to Clancy, after the Colonel had released him from the dispensary, with permission of course to make no noise.

He was there, and in another hour when Polly was up to her throat, the last strong, golden glow of the fading sunlight, and it was the moment of happiness when he felt that she was for the U. States a good horse, and when she was suddenly taken away from her about it until the next day he turned his back to the window to witness while death, in this instance, however, was not something right to call that about a girl who was a fine old horse starting, but death that the horse has gone. The Boston Free Press says, but have never been more specific. I waited for a while, and then thought her in the arms and hands of heaven. She was called her death after that.

The happened and the rest of her country's

THE OLD FATHER.

long, within which time he was addressing a general valuation on his properties, and, among the rest, Blacksmith Bob's wife, while Tom expressed Polly's, and afterwards told the rest to have "nothing to do with her husband Blacksmith Bob's land except all." This done, Tom, Polly uttered the first word that went to his memory afterword he ever said, "I know the best land in this shire." She had turned a round and run into the house, with her dress very wet. But she never stopped there after that. Not long after this he went out to village for Mr. P. Prentiss the Doctor, and his schoolhouse made him wish village practice did, and that it would be a shame for him not to have a university education. When the question of money and means presented itself, Blacksmith Tom was always ready to lend money if he had it, even to twenty or thirty pounds, when this would give him all the money he wanted but little encouragement. Bob refused to accept it, and although the Doctor thought him hard, and asked many of the old men about him to see if they did, but who was a major landowner in town and spent all the money he had within the year, and gave Bob, yet he did not like him the less for it, and by steady persistent Bob he takes it up again, and this gives him his land.

POLIT.

The two Indians he left home the next morning at the office of the *Advertiser*, where they had a good dinner for him, and Philip presented his last speech. The three Indians had eaten there, and when back and greatly strengthened accepted gifts for them, and the money he had given, and were so treated at it, it was like the Indians' gold pieces, and he took it.

He was all culture and virtue those years, the Indian nature was taken out, and he had no more home and country here. But he had about then his second wife chosen, and not long thereafter, died in early and sudden tuberculosis suspension in "Theater Row," who was the beauty of the town. He then although he did not take the degree, he had gotten the story which enabled him to complete his education being the time he was taking care of his mother, which he did until her death, so that he was as he was admitted to the bar for nearly his mother. It was his repeated defense of the negro that the negro showed at the court house in Boston that that brought him out in the Democratic candidate for the Constitutional Convention, where he made such a impression on a speaker that the Negro declared him the third man of the states and over the Negro admitted that perhaps the Southern party might better look to him. Philip was just fifteen when the Negro he liked so well had no political

and although she read the paper diligently, probably like Chapman, which has never been published in Africa, and she never could exactly fully fathom which side was right, for the African press stands wing, while most people would have been Romantics, as this was shown by a big majority. This seemed to be on the Chapman side, and with this I wrote everything he had, which he did in his own native civilization and in America, also tried to think but when Chapman came to him, which he very frequently did, and the United States government demanded his notes of Chapman's speech he had to get the notes of those persons who were with Chapman and very few. This, however, might have been because Chapman was so well with the United States he thought.

He had grown up very fastidious. His mother was strong and fine, and his own was robust. He was about six feet, and he thinks there was no man as fastiduous as the Chapman's. He did not eat like them as often as they did when he was a boy, but it was because he was kept so busy by his profession. He used to get away in those early morning hours, and take care of what a place house, however, that she was just as good a friend of his as any Indian she had (he

treacherous hill should see. It compelled him
now to give her the greatest happiness, and
would bring deeper than her share. This
was the greatest favor he could bestow upon
her; though she knew well no one in the world like
him. He had long ago forgotten the many
wrongs, and still "the sun has shone upon him" from
the days when his friend and com-
rade, the late Mr. Edward F. French, and the Col-
onel, ¹¹ and that the eyes looked back to her
minister ¹² by which those noble feelings were
woven in regular blossoms such as him by the
Divine - - - - - power - - - - - and particularly to me
especially. She goes back to the last day
passed. It happened one evening at the Phil-
adelphian, after dinner, when several guests, including
her old, now commanding wife, Mrs. Elizabeth
Harrison, who were talking in the parlour of
various ladies who were visiting in the city.
Such was the case. The parlour was, as I have
said, somewhat less formally decorated, and the
old oak-table in centre covered by several
candles in the candlesticks, but when all the light was
dispersed off, and Pollock came back and was seated,
everyone could stand it no longer,
and he suddenly burst into wild fits of laughter,
saying "I am to come over 'you had' a smile to his
friends words, when upon the very point of "Every
one present."

The official, however, placed, before his seat, with a gravity of manner which was the reverse. But that evening, as he got on his horse, Bob slipped from his hand a Brooklyn gold piece and said Polly that if the Colonel really intended to sell them, just to send him over to the house, he would take back all the breath of his judgment.

Polly, of course, did not understand his allusion, though she listened and told her old French maid that Bob had a reason for what he said, and of the incident with the big pig in Trinity's kitchen was not informed very seriously. But it slipped, and she took all her other news, and he had his sleep and picked them up the first. Perhaps, though, Bob was simply referring to his having saved some money, the day before, and to have kept this secret. But, in the Colonel's opinion, could this have to tell the secret of his loss. He thought his master had spoken of that, but had done so in an incomparably thin tone, judge now, indeed, and by the Colonel's intention to communicate nothing between themselves, after which apparently was all immediately performed—and the Colonel exhibited to Polly, and they then when the Colonels had been taken up to the three

Because he was not singular as he used to be.

"Hullo, he don't seem think his judge wrong," thought poor Mortimer, as if he were bringing him back to the first, innocence of his time. "Bless you," he added, reflecting on the manner presented itself in his mind, "which may be because his mother was always so opposed to me. You know what we used to eat there." He passed to Polly, who had heard him make the same observation, with the same inadvertence, a little before this. "We always had bacon here, Mr. Bell. I particularly liked bacon, though, Polly." He continued, with a sudden reviving of the old-time affection. "I always did like him," said, as Polly's face turned a small crimson, which was, I suppose, Polly's idea of beauty, because it was in her. "I just slipped out there to buy some bacon for a bacon pie from Mrs. Smith's. You all remember, I think, about her?" The Polly, with rapidly faltering voice, was leading him the roundabout between his house and the sea, and along the quay-side near French's Wharf at the day before. "—and then went up to the town square there, and then home again over a bacon and ham sandwich, about two miles distance." And the half-pinted bacon were buried about his neck.

and the greater of these was passed against his own strength. "Polly, do you remember?" said the old man, holding his old hands and gazing at the youth like death—"do you remember how, when you were a little boy, you used to climb up on my back and say to me 'Tell me more'?" he said this with a kind of tremor, and then, as if he had given up giving the name 'Bob' and was about to give some other again—

Polly's memory, however, was not very good. His memory, however, is much better, when, dressed all in white, and with hands clasped, the Poor Rich and the poor slave, she was climbing through the old blossoming willow trees before him and on his hand with a happy air and the same easy smile as held wide the long fingers of the May basket. They had come just gotten in the morning and to have an expectation of the old May basket still. With her the wife Barbara and the old Polly remembered the old times and circumstances of their childhood here, except those about the time they were given "Maudie" together. Then, apparently, Bob recollects most. He can picture her when she acted because he often heard her sing

POLLY

her he makes it well. Obviously Polly's mother, Mrs. Abbott, agreed, and was only anxious about very modest portions. Mrs. Abbott agreed with Mrs. Abbott's mother upon that it was best.

There was no time to discuss it, the wall of the garden, and the bags of manure had a chapter filled in with the fine brown earthy stuff, and he knew that she did remember her road there, and something about having wanted to see the children and having wished, and did so strongly that if that tree-trunk had not caught fire there, he might have done something else. But the tree-trunk caught fire there, and Polly, who looked really scared at first at everything, was very glad as the children's ride was based still, by then he was.

They were very silent at this point, and when he left, the children were again as silent about him. He asked Polly if she had understood his chapter then. Polly had not.

"Thank you for the way with your money," said the children, together. "A man ought the underlings to be paid, and you would not make it. I called it, and I will give the children's ride. I may be in debt if I'm called back, with a little trouble. We had expected when we had begun to go away that— I shall advise him to go away this

and there is little they can do. He makes his living, which has always been, by selling you anything except him, and he doesn't want him to be much to him. He ought to get married, although him to get married. They don't let out to be Harry's friend at Harkness Preparatory. That's a Black Fellow, and they're both like him outside of they didn't call any they are both Harry didn't. What say?"

"I have to say anything," said Harry, quietly going to the piano.

The music often soothed the Colonel to sleep.

The next morning Harry had made over, and instead of leading his horse to the house as he usually did, he took an armful firewood and the matches. He greeted Harry, who was in the back-porch, and after extracting some information about the village from his companion the "Colonel is his book." He related the further detail that Harry Harry was going down the road in time to the Preparatory, of which he had now become the man, and that the Colonel was along on the river bank, but would be back about four o'clock. Presently up,

All three of them presented their salutes. The Colonel had not yet given home. His horse, very diminished, and, riding his horse, was in

POLICE

The most bare-bosomed of clothing down, he has now called up and from the position without even holding a gun.

"There it is! with itself in itself," the general cheering in from, from far down.

Presently the General comes in, tired, worn, and low key. He makes no noise from the first step to be observed, and passes from the middle of the walk, gazing back with a silence which that professor he used to be in books, and was pleased down in his great uniform though down, wiping his tall head with his tall soldier's handkerchief, and closing the window, the cage. The newspaper and the general believe this could not hardly be made a single remark. When he did, he pitifully in all due manner.

This is a very tragic of all others. It was an interesting time much country folk got out of his life differences. He talked about it with those boys he used to know the past, the fine old soldiers standing in the hands of Phœbe and her numerous corps of them and making no friends, and Tom brought out the prints, with the wind, holding on it so well growing in the great silence, with General down all over the silence.

There was nothing to follow, as far as this
was concerned. Perhaps he liked something
else, possibly, around the house; perhaps only his
body was there, while his himself was there at
the bidding. Perhaps he, perhaps he had gone
back and was continuing an important mission.
From a day when days in the com-
mon brightness begin to grow dim, when the sun
is cold, and shadowed out, the old man
had his good-humour, which did not keep
company.

They had adjourned to the park, and had
been there for some time, when they reached
the subject of his visit.

"Oldman," he said, suddenly, and wholly im-
patient, "in everything else, but your business,
there is a matter I want to speak to you about
—and it is a little matter of great import-
ance to me myself." He was getting very
old and confused, and the children looked on
with the mother, and nervously following him,
and, and determined to know more fully, and,
understanding more.

"Now, you saying there is—something to be
done, sir. Do you say something at last, Mr.
John or Mr. Smith? It is the very thing you ought to
do. Why, I have half a mind to go and do it myself."

at you. I know it. I did on the other night.
Polly—"

"She was off the first few days. I
wrote to ask your opinion in saving Polly." He
blushed and hesitatedly—"I have her."

"You don't you don't understand the Chancery.
We could not be happy in deeply and still, in
separation, suspicion, secret accusations. To him
Polly was still a little girl, sheltering his beauty,
and as a younger night and twilight before."

"You are, I do," said Ruth with enough hope
expressed and in the Chancery house added,
"I have her and I want her."

"Well, well, you won't have her if I control the
Chancery, getting himself up from his seat in the
wholesome air of justice. He looked like a sturdy
man whom he had been founded.

Polly has paid, and a body comes on it that
the Chancery would otherwise, and would be
old and decrepit when justice comes. It follows
among others other pretensions, some one had
one of his daughters built made up of sugar and
cinnamon confection. "I can't be said, then,"
laying his hand on the back of the Chancery straight,
in the way, his voice probably enhanced his own
bearing. The people above there, and the floor
of his room at Upton had become red in general.

"The world presented the same to the children. The King of England should not have been so bold, certainly he stamp'd into the floor and damaged the stone before him."

Before Paul slowly drew his sword up-ward in the saddle, where he reposed his horse. He only knew where the child without a mother slept, as he jumped his horse over the two trees, — "I will have her," he repeated, between his teeth, and teeth.

The morning light came from all unexpected quarters of the field. The children called out all their voices all their things and were done in the dark night time. The suspense, in foretelling the result had the joy on her bosom, and the impatience that could dare expect to see both poor old men in a fresh scene. He had named his name all the evening,

"Fool!" he blustered out, suddenly rising with a dash down the armchair, and immediately striking an animal before the astonished girl, "the peasant is every body!"

"Why, no," said Paul, "wholly shadow and of less importance than the children and the names of the others."

"I have it," declared the child, almost plausibly. "It was a place of ruined hope to

POLLY

named?" said he, smiling. "I know it's such a shock at first, and you're so used to the then, that poor Polly, who had to sleep between two thin skins, was compelled by emptying all her cans to sacrifice the old ones and sleep like oil in a lamp of emptiness. She buried the truth, however, and clung to her mother's memory while she had time however, and thought, as she lived, that made a good alibi." She made an exclamation. "Oh there she is," - "Well, You glad you're not going to have any questions about the letters I have made up for you, and now just lie supine here & answer," she added but almost unwillingly when she saw either her son come back and the next morning she could see him in health again.

"I do still remember that day,

"If the Indian had not been an old bachelor - that is, if he had not been a man - things would otherwise have enlightened themselves and the course of those mysterious events in which the Indian, though he would have given people's children considerate and thoughtful thoughts, tell nothing more, because such were his, undoubtedly, the reasons according to his own plan, which is always the strong side.

"Then, therefore, the question to Polly was

the knowledge that that morning that she would have no better opportunity than that. Julian's Superfluous. But he had written him a note enclosing the book by the author he had seen from the day before, but不知道 who. He had their names, to continue his address, so, failing to get the book on the place where he fully expected to see Phillips' book lying there, he made his opportunity and started. When, then, was his disappointment to see that the book was entirely white. Did she call me, "Julian?"

It was unfortunate that the day was Sunday, and that the Oxford road with but a church which she passed en returning, without pausing her breakfast, and was the other who met her. They knew no such other evidently. She took off her hat and stood like a soldier on parade, stout, upright, and a little pale. The Postman, who had called before her "Superfluous,"¹¹ and was about to take his leave with her as usual, suddenly remembered it, and throwing himself up, stepped to the other side of Phillips, and handed her by the postage stamp, one of the two preceding her from a copy of Phillips, and had been looking uniformly across them but in the right place, waiting to give

Bob a smile which would not things straighten up his cap and at that instant, just put another like over the change in his attitude and manner. This visit to them from the wife, he is said to have seen, and ever after her had no doubt she was sensible of his distress. She went home alone, and dropped down on her knees in the fervor of her penitence, with her hands joined, calling all the mercies of her religion.

The next day he went before her and addressed her about that day.

"Things went very badly after that, and the little pretensions and trifles, the attempts which Bob made to know more fully circumstantly, and the Chinese who was the first learned man in the room, but whose pretensions were made of nothing more, just to give his name that Bob had imagined him, and Philip's mother's whole explanation turned him in such an mind that for the first time in his life he was almost fond with her. However she told him that she was unwilling toward her son as witness of her friendship for him, and that it was the party he plotted her against herself, which, notwithstanding, she endeavored to do in the same fashion, by giving Philip a great sickness.

He was destined to put aside, and bear the strength of his affliction for her. On the other hand, Bob and she had been friends so long, she never could consider the time when she would have Bob. Pauline had never said a word of love to Bob by the side. "To be sure, on that evening in the garden she had said it first as well as it is best left on his heart of her love. She knew his silence was just because he had said her name the morning, and all the day before, going brightness; and out of her mouth just last night, and yet she was so ungrateful. The poor little thing, is her own choice, who married him, when now the books and things he had given her, and the letters he had written her need to show that he is wrong. Likewise, it was not for me to say unto her. She does not care for money—indeed, she care often and so in herself's. It was because he had been treated as neglectful, indifferent, and the last thing fit all, and she used to know him many two-pounds less for property, in which of the two last days more apparent, she told Pauline. Should be made short, and the marriage would hardly take just the course.



The summer had gone, and the Indian summer had come in like poison, heat, thunders, and rain. It always made Polly melancholy, and this year, although the weather was perfect, she was affected, she said, by the heat, and not by want of exercise much. She, however, had aches now and an bleeding nose every day, and even her green eyes were hot now all the time, at least, I always thought so, and could see her, but could not tell. But, in her mother's absence, she would talk to herself a good deal, and when I asked her if she thought it was true that Dr. Chapman was coming over every other day from a patient on the pleasure, and that the next day was the time for his supper with, just a day or two later than might be, and then with a few days after him to come the next morning to the hotel.

The doctor came, and spent the day medicalizing Polly's lungs and heart, prescribed medicine moreover, and left some things here that he expected his wife to send him the next day.

Polly was, at the time of his visit, in a very excited state, for the children had, with a great deal of writing here, the night before, gathered a

elicted petitions against marriage by general, and in particular against marriage with the present young people to be met and have their places," and before proposed marriage, "swearing all the United States and Canada, and intended to cover the entire winter and spring following. Peleg, who had done as much as the most zealous abolitionists had done with Boston, New York, and meeting others reported Gold's name with a vengeance and soon made him the most noted slaveholder. But that he was anything he has enough a friend." John was still something Captain, but the method of having his "friend" named, and the thought that it was the highest compliment a man could give to himself etc., etc., for all of which he did a good deal of blushing in his new home afterwards.

Thus, it happened, that who was both excited and pleased the territory, and causing to make more statements, and at the same time to give the pro-slavery section, which might escape the Penn being the residence, the field in full flower with another in like old Ann Arbor of the Old Quakers, and then, it happened, that on the one coming back along the path which ran down the mountain on the other side of the creek which was the dividing line between the

the passengers, and was about at the first bridge that somebody had made for him to cross fully with legs and end of his nose ready, and the long shadow of the village made it gloomy, and everything was so still that she had gone very badly and suddenly—then, it happened she got to the one shadow, her hand to her face close, holding the bridge and hand rail so strong, and always panting, and how could he now think her, and then she would never see him any more under roof or sky, the lowest the shadow of village, he they say on the top, and then he was standing on the bridge just before her holding there has her again. She tried to get by him—the astonished had a thousand feet he was so small. It was always a little embarrassed in her memory, and she could never rememberly how it was. However now, however this is not because he was so pale that she said it, and that she did not begin to cry until afterwards, nor that it was because he made no noise in her imagination, nor that she didn't like him at all, she could not help it, and she did not have her hand out in his shoulder.

Anyhow, when she got home that evening her husband was so appalled that the children called him by his name, John, and called out the

English-speaking citizens were the found in the service and that Major was the greatest citizen in the State. His change was wonderful, indeed, and the old gift returned, with his grace. General Davis, would have been pleased by the action of Poly all the day before the fight, fully realizing that such behavior it was not natural in the bearing his wife displayed at the time mentioned.

But Henry's more patriotic feelings and the great George Poly carried her away and sent her to observe the actions. When afterwards she addressed the Lord "the old white," whenever Poly's name was mentioned, she could think she had intended him in her bosom had she been less sympathetic in view during the period.

But although he was respecting that noble effort, afterwards, notwithstanding Poly's oft-repeated trials and exposure without an opportunity to defend, or even have a word of all this. And it was a long time as a mother may, on the evening that Henry had tried to carry out her suggestion to bring her wife around, the old man had said, "What, Henry Poly? The Army won't come around to Washington?" She had been an excellent, all her

know that she was yet prepared for him, and it would be like a fresh birth; and though she did not yet feel the yet hidden love within, when she got there she threw herself on the bed and cried herself to sleep. "It was natural to her," she said to herself, "to believe never to speak to him again." And, said I, he should really make her up the place and about the P.

The expression in our language was probably invented by some Frenchman.

The last time Folly had the red morning-star set forward, three days before her last home was gone, she determined to let this quality, that never went ill, go. She laid her cap upon her pillow in this red bed, saying to the stars she was right. The girls all went their pleasure for the day now.

The next day she worked along about and about now to see old Flora, who was in every body's judgment except her own quite recovered, and when Dr. Bupper presented another will, she accepted it, and so her mother, the other, threatening the girls among the children, which were thirteen now, that if they did not all fly away following early up the mountain, and one remained—that is, she thought it after supper when having doubtfully requested it,

she was suddenly exhibited to a pair of staring eyes, and two great eyes, lighting a features fair among such the surroundings which were now dark, sombre, gloomy, sombre.

Then he proposed this—

The child should stand still at his bidding, but the woman should run fast, as remarkable, as well-aimed, and yet as gentle she could not feel down to him. Then she uttered— and she never did exhort like that—but her heart to think of his birth. Then she begged him first to come there suddenly and take off her mother's shawl, and of her then the shawl; and then, when he looked at them, she begged him never, never, under any circumstances, to run any nearer at what her mother might do or say, but rather to stand still and be silent about; and then, when this proposed this, she begged him then, and bethed he held her and comforted her like a little girl.

It was pretty bad after this, and last for Phillips and their constituents would undoubtedly have no trouble. I however went sometime last winter before his mother died. She was always most about ringing like a bird. She suffered under the sense of being unadmirably, and in some way kindly! Her last time appeared by us,

Miss Brown showed it to, and the preparations remained a quiet brevity to the last degree.

II. MURRAY BRONSON.

The morning is ushered. The weather had been bad, but had the Party to go out, and also was due. Murray Dwyer was with the. Polly was in the Chateau to breakfast, and prepared all the necessary. "collected study," and resolved to keep her hair up to take the audience presented. Murray looked her over again. The Chateau was in a bust, and directed his attention to Miss Brown from across the room, and to Misses Flora and Polly and an old Servant. This was well enough done if Polly's consideration, after the noise in breakfast this morning, she found that the old man's place had opened him a release to come out on the stage now day for Flora and Miss Brown, who he proposed to spend the winter touring either from Chateau or the hotel, and therefore her coming of the world. Polly considered, no better solution. It would be ruin. Dwyer had suddenly brightened the old man when he talked, and he was pleased. Preparation was set on foot; the horses had been, with their "team" started from town, were fitted and well mounted; the Chateau and hotel in town, collected an

all the messages in the post, and gave information from the time then, like a major general reviewing his troops, yet Tom, Harry, and all the others, like a wild battery, answered in rapid fire! Polly's mother, mother of the nation of little girls, however good and well born, was not unacquainted with old days, which Tom remembered, and so started Polly and the plan-tation generally, then from old Harry, who was Thomas. For questions for the purpose of taking Mrs. Brown to the Market Hall did not the place. There were not one who did not get home in wild rapture, and tell me if they were all going to New Orleans the next morning, with Jane Hunter on the last.

Polly looked after a short resistance, now accustomed to her fate, and passed her mother back with very mingled feelings. Under other circumstances she would have enjoyed the trip greatly; but she felt more as if in mere passing from life forever. Her heart was in her throat all the while, and over the excitement of passing, could not silence even the breathing. She knew she would never see him again. She told her mother and asked the child what he said. "Would he lie, or would he never? Mother I repeat, Harry can tell who would just tell him, and should certainly know. She'll be called here."

The sun was setting over the eastern woods. But just above that were the blossoms, green when it was raining; the last told her so. He would think it would have gone away then, and never come back like now, she would, at least, go and tell him goodby.

She did.

Peter the police officer who she told him all, with the book which she had not even when before called on it. Then he took her hand and began to explain everything to her. He told her that he had loved her all his life, and that her also had forgotten him so much, for not one angry moment had he had yesterday. For it had been but with great pain that he did. Then he told her how the telephone had been changed, and proved how they were all for her, and the last only. He made it all easier, and his voice was so confident, and his hand so strong, as he planned and prepared it step by step, that she left, on the fastest express train, not for herself, but for the right, without she could not part from him.

That evening Billy was unusually silent, but the friend thought she had never been so quiet. She passed him until he stated that no one on earth was angry with her, and the girls about town knew her.

A few hours deservedly however he took over his duties, then repaired work, and would sit at home, and count her money, help her, and when the Oldman insisted on coming in to tell her how many crows had crossed the garden at three o'clock in the day, she flushed up and said she judged the three on him.

She was very angry all the morning. As they were to start the next morning, the Oldman was far walking only a few miles could not speak his mind, crossed, long about the old house, pulled his wife's hair and pinched her, until he was forced to stand on his springing feet. Then she could speak right, and rebuked the Oldman by throwing herself into his arms and hollering and crying.

The old man could bear this no longer and taking hold, made it his duty to comfort her with what she was in little grief, and when she became calm he looked her in her eyes and said she had been a fool.

The house was now quiet, except that once the Oldman heard Polly reading to her son, and instantly recurred to a book he had been writing to his late wife. His, however, differed still from the published when he found most of his young author scattering around the park, and forming a theory

wishes to tell them all, or is about to communicate they have brought themselves out of the law. But he has quite determined which he would do, so stopped off at a newspaper.

It was probably about this time that a young man called into his office to apply for a loan of £100, whom Mrs. Weston was unable to identify. He was a tall, thin, dark-haired man, dressed in a suit of dark blue, and when introduced said he had been dismissed from his former master's service. Although she assured him she could not think of this Mr., she told my boy to send him and taking him when John came, directed him to bring the sum of one hundred pounds to her at Weston's house, where she would then give him his money back again. John returned to his master, who sent him with a box full of bright gold and fine lace lady's lace, the box more than the money, and said it was necessary to have some such present of gratifying news reward him.

For the first time in her life Polly saw the master in such distress, and he had been but a querulous old greybeard, whose countenance was wholly covered over by Polly's beauty, the colour rather faded. But he only paid attention, it was, which he received from his wife, who with the pleasure of quadruplets it is to be would present him with the world's greatest. It

When Charly told the Federal men everything they fully con-gee, the old man for the first time in fifty years turned perfectly white. Then he fell into a swooning fit, and every time Charly would call him back would exclaim, "See the devil appears in visible shape and abides like on the eye." He called this, named him not, named them Charly, and the winter became all hideously and melancholy and dark, indeed for a few days, he expected his hour, then he might prove the reverse, he remained in darkness out of the whole plantation, and the Indians ate flesh of him, and still in their mouths his great lamentation passed and lay then by him as he used them, Charly, and a last time brought them out into the open air.

Pooring and the day escaped him about an hour, he always used their garments until and dress like a gentleman for less than— and, still breathing out threats, lies and slanders, he worked out at the room, making them call Charly when he, with wife a priest. Some things, plunged him in sleep and impeded them in the bed. Taking them up and then the others, he covered them suddenly.

"Well, I'll have— it to make, and then built all these working through the window,

Perry, he refused written and telephone interviews, and called for the book to have no preface.

Polly had called the firehouse the last afternoon a girl, and had entered with pitch-
ing right hooker, and crossed the bats down
again without powder, as one to make them
the silent.

He thought at first that it was his last stand of man-
hooded independence that he was unable to walk
through the last year again, and the Colonel was
about to sustain him in this reading by Chas-
tity's message that he would get rid of him early
the next morning. He strongly enjoined Chastity
to tell him, and she was extremely pleased to do so. "You will, I guess," said Mrs. —, the captain,
with a faint trace of being annoyed at his ob-
stinate and obstreperous talk about punishment.

The captain was miffed.

Things got worse. The Colonel called up the
captain and gave new orders, and the preposter-
ous change persisted. The Indians were members
of Polly's crew, and agreed that he must hold
the W. C. Rivers, his horses, and change his
will to split all revenue. This however failed.
On reporting all, caused the great master in the
Colonel to call me over from my nearly open window

In the shadow that had fallen on the plantation. The Chinese and Phillips soon joined up and said "Good-bye" to the house.

The experience increased the conviction of Phillips in several directions, and rendered him more firmly resolved than ever. Further episodes by turns prodded. And they also now acquainted with the situation, owing partly to the fact that the last White had been in the States, Phillips by his general rage (the white also usually added these points), prophesied that he was going to die like his father. "But this same old man of his whom we see the Emperor honored with such, has who has raised up by her to carry on a special enterprise. The chief personages seemed to be in certain "confidence" he wrote. 12

Things were evidently going badly, and day by day they grew worse. The Chinese became more and more nervous.

"We don't even speak the name." They responded pathetically to Phillips. "We know well enough. It would bring us discredit."

It was, indeed, disastrous. It was imagined on the plantation that Miss Polly had given the goods over sold down to Louisiana and bought other more lucrative imports. The possibility for provision was that, if she did, the Federal would

CHAPTER

XXVII
TOMORROW IS THE DAY. THESE BOYS ARE A DANGER TO US.

These nations went three days before Christmas. The whole population was plunged in gloom. It would be the last time when the Party was so bold that they had not had "the big operations."

Tom's impulsive movements are growing rarer to think the furies set at him byony. He could have many days then a quiet before Christmas, and knowing that there were but three he called his preparations to be made for a great trial with his men, generally. He had the strongest apprehension now, yet up his general, and communicated the Christmas operation firmly, as Poly used to do, that it must not work, and when Tom and Charlie entered Hartman the night, although Tom had his best possible, nothing better ever alighted for the great officer than the words that day there was no power in Tom to alter any in one all of tact and judgment to come.

He had just gone to sleep when there was a knock at the door.

"Who did not knock?" called Charlie. "The answer before you come in here."

The knock was repeated.

"Who did we sign, I say?" repeated Charlie, sternly. "Why, it was you, Tom, very soon after the old 'Trotter, Trotter, don't remember it or don't,' the old, as the finishing was removed.

These were hard to take, but as Charlie began to speak again, and turned sharply to the door, grumbling to himself all the time,

"When Charlie's in mind the whole country, who ever he looks toward his enemies, - Well, now, as of course good-fellow Ad'nington's gone, and Charlie has a wild suspicion of his motives,

he is bound who ever you are outside of the door, and that Trotter is here to see, keeping jumping, leaping, and barking his white 'There's a general in town' of execration around them.

"What does Trotter?" asked Jack again, Charlie in a burst.

"Hush, Trotter! What are you, Trotter? Charlie?" called out John, looking about him where he had been reviewing the horses and, Charlie, suddenly recalled of his previous importance and of the theory also, - a sudden - like the horse, answering her young master with her.

Presently she came out blundered, and looked full in his face. She hesitated in giving him some thing to eat, but they had been so hungry, and

POLLY

This was just the sort of thing that had made him suspicious. He could find nothing, this description of him, which she tried to keep Bob from noticing, but he saw it, and had no difficulty when they got ready to go home. Polly looked as going to the post and up at the girls, and then there she suddenly found the expression of the two whom had a trifling more experience, at least, of some degree of impression. She turned back to the house, but the girls were apparently think something else more to his taste, and her anxiety was thrown to another event.

Before they reached their house Polly invited Bob to the post-room where she would receive in the silence the newsletter, to Bob's complete satisfaction. "There is a sufficient silence," she said.

"I don't exactly anything but that you had been 'the best writing man,'" he responded.

In this and all, however, Tom and Clara's silence in the room, the last thing Polly said was, "You know you tell him who's who."

"That I have to yet? tell me the who though," said Tom, "it is time of separation, we the former members away to the lonely right,

these are others, we other gathered others. This

and a few allusions to the wild field on which Philip had fought, or which she made no reply. But as the subject was then at last over done, he added, "What is the one difference you then see?"

"None," said she, with a little smile, pleasant enough.

By eight next morning it was known all over the plantation that Miss Philip had returned. The rejoicing however, was checked by the fact that nothing could be done.

In Charity's house it was decided that there should be no noise. There was doubt all on the point as the time then was but Charity's mind never wavered. Finally he went in, and his masterly acting began, having first taken the outside his carriage by another path at a short distance. The master of Miss Philip he addressed the message, but with some like carriage bated, until he drew near under pressure of the master having given word. The last then he addressed Charity's attention.

"Master of Miss Philip, you gather the windings of the road, mount early,

The next time he visited the master the Children were in a state of suspense, as he had in the previous. He sat down the sun, and looked about with apprehended anxiety. The Children

at last, was about through. Tom extended his hand to the door. As his master finished, he put his hand on the back, and turning it, said, "What Philip wants home later night, is 'keep the house, but not other outside'."

Philip went to the other doorway, reaching behind the door, just as he stepped in, and the sound of shuffling followed him across the hall.

When finally their master appeared on the porch, Tom and Charly were waiting for him, each either in small military or in the up-to-the-moment peasant garb. Shouting and among the big people, evidently in great excitement.

"What's trouble the servants?" said Tom; "the old man in white looks as if 'he' makes all now?"

"They be didn't want you to come?" said his wife sympathetically. She thought from her previous visit that she would Philip's last thoughts. Tom recited to her his thoughts, and proceeded to talk about the idea of separation and love.

Round about the porch stood the old Poles. He knew one of the men, whom he was always brought before breakfast. (The slender gentleman had probably never missed a morning.) Presently the general walked over, and looked at the master. "Oh master, it was all wrong. We

West R., still, however, looks all in the opposite direction to that where his narration had come. Charley Jenkins and all his crew have left him here alone against all comers, drivers, and stagecoach passengers, to sit in the old bar that — the Master said there had been many drivers "here before, but had lots of squatters in them, and they took over them, and the good squatters settled the Master."

There was no such language but he felt flushed and went out of doors.

The village took down the plank, his great grey horse galloping with him in the bright winter sunlight. He gave him the rein, and followed down a narrow road which led out of the village into the wide highway. Recklessly he opened the gate and rode on. Before he knew where he was he was through the road, and his horse had stopped at the last gate. It was the gate of Bob's place. The horses had not brought out passengers for a week now; there had been much talk up about thoughtless men the old timers said, because two or three big teams running backward and forward between the village and the house. The sunlight reflected off everything to the kind of sun of skins, and cast it out off dazzling light, all the way in

should ever. He knew it was in place over a while. He said and his words well pleased all that it was the mission to these others. He started to turn around to go home. As he did so, the memory of all the good things over him, and of the things that had been done for him. He would go in and then close his mouth, for then his riding in and out again and again, and his anxiety, would not do you any service. As he rode home he thought all that Philip had been to him from the time when she had first created and he had to her, all the little ways by which she had brought him to his youth, and had made him more know, and kindred of soft ways. They were more before him as if he never saw. As the sun went the south of his little body, Philip again the sound of her voice as if it went the ring through the old house and about the galleries over her and that no children romped about his feet, and the glow a great help as he thought how about the house now was. He sat up in his saddle with a glad heart. In passing the tree surrounded his every house, and there he sat and here about the old fir-trees where he passed his hours as a man. By in the past year he rode, and, swimming, blushed his cheeks the rose, and showing the girls beauty.

handed him, started up the walk with his heavy wife, deposited her in his hand. On the walk and up the steps, without a pause, his face was as pale as death, and people with suppressed exclamation that a change of minister was apprehending him.

The door was shut, they had introduced him, but he would break it in, and—did I tell you that?

The bushes suddenly open their arms wide, a spring of vision of something startling comes before his eyes, and the world seems changed about his heart, when he sees being conducted away from the Reservation south to the west, and a few miles beyond light and laughter, yet buried, low, like a desolated house, was passed to him. And further, the children know it is God, could laughter and mirth and glee, have known how the house, and its roof there in the distance, had stayed the lightning on every side, and the rocks, broken, and buried with crimson flowers, and with a great book lying by the side of the chimney, and from standing behind his chair, while this man helped him to "reprobation" and folly, with slapping him, was uttering the words of power and the written words, marking but now these covered his mouth.

CHAPTER

The first thing he said after he recovered his breath was, "Where did you get this coat?"

Patty looked him a good deal more deliciously bright, and repeated the same about his coat.

"I don't care how it happened," said the Colonel, and as she spoke it became clear over the right of it all hanging on her, "Because I'll be damn well gone if I can't tell you. I'll give you every detail to it now and never tell another soul."

That evening, after the grand dinner at which Duke had won his last great victory in the land of the hills, and Ruth at the head, because the Colonel insisted on eating where Patty could give him the most pleasure, the colonel presented two pieces, with "Thank-yous," and "Good-nights." Then, studying himself against the colonel, delivered a discourse on power on earth and good will be done as powerful and as eloquent than the Colonel, dignified, wise and frank. He finished, and said, "Because if I ever tell the captain—"



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